

No. 17  
WINTER  
ISSUE

A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE

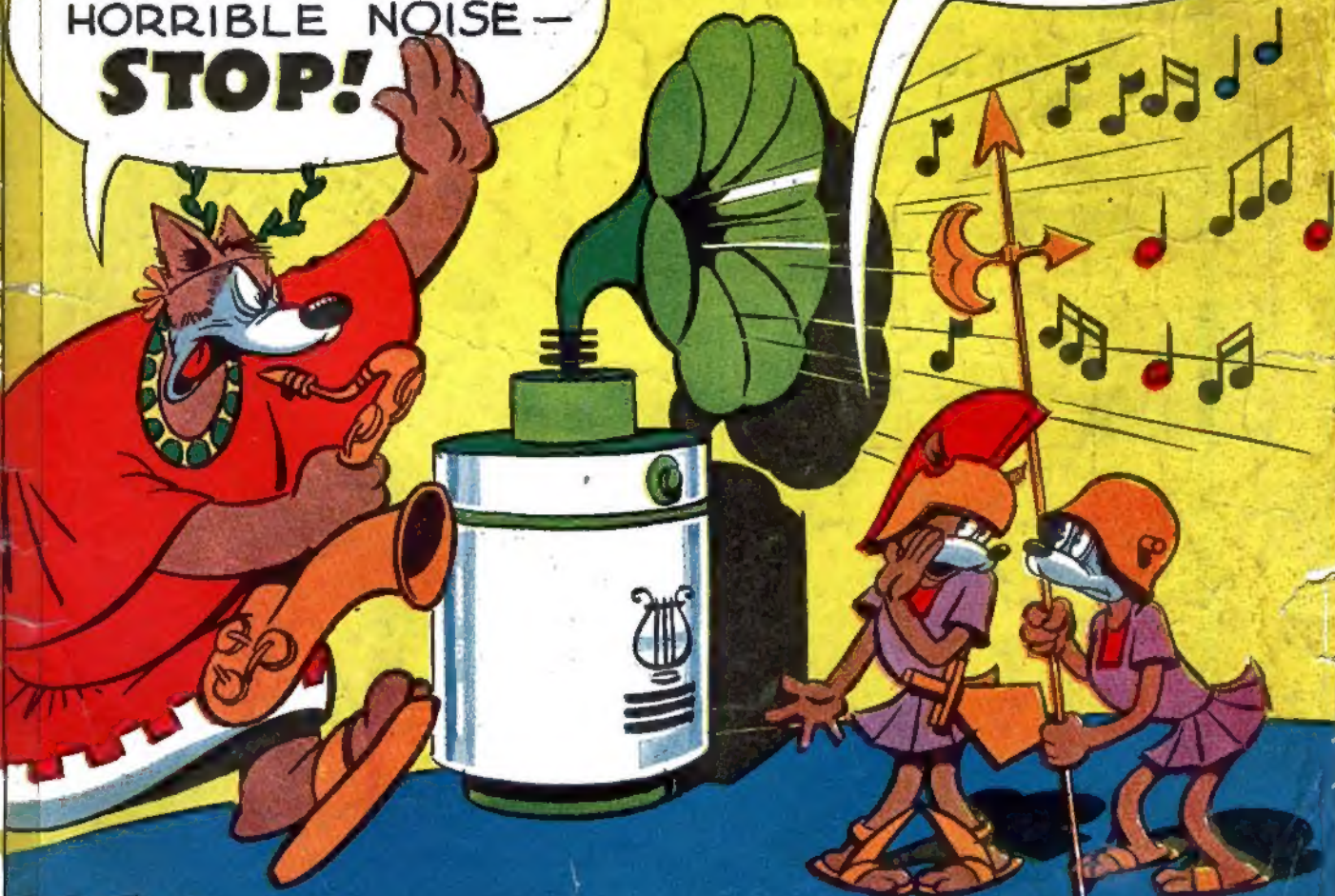


# Leading COMICS

*Featuring*  
**NERO FOX**  
THE JIVE-JUMPING  
EMPEROR OF  
ANCIENT ROME!

**STOP!**  
WHOEVER IS  
MAKING THAT  
HORRIBLE NOISE —  
**STOP!**

DARE I TELL  
HIM IT'S A  
RECORDING OF  
ONE OF HIS OWN  
SAX SOLOS ?





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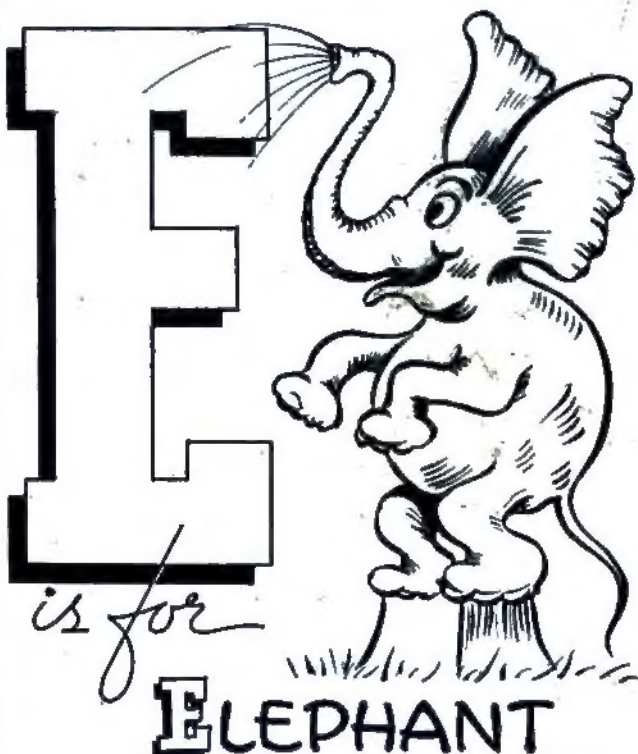


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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



# ELEPHANT

WHO NEVER FORGETS  
THAT THIS IS THE  
TRADEMARK  
OF COMICS' BEST BETS!



— ON THE COVER  
OF **REAL  
FACT  
COMICS**,  
FOR EXAMPLE!  
A NEW BEST  
BET IN THE  
DC GROUP,  
IT CONTAINS A  
FLOCK OF TOP  
TRUE FEATURES!

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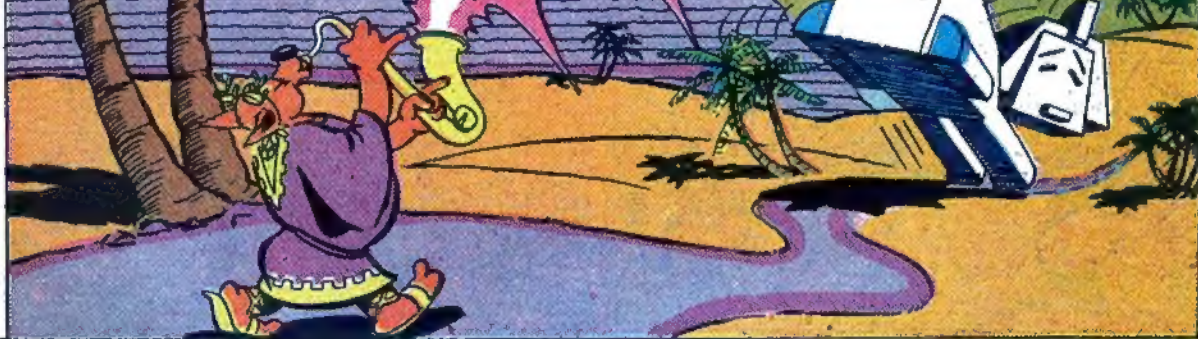


# NERO FOX

IT'S MANY A YEAR SINCE THAT AMAZING EMPEROR, NERO FOX, BLEW SWEET AND HOT ON THE OLD GOBBLE-PIPE, BUT HISTORY STILL HOLDS ITS BREATH AT THE ECHO, AND REMEMBERS THE GREAT SHINDIG BETWEEN TWO NATIONS AT WAR OVER...

"A HOT PLATTER, OF VOOM VOOM!"

AAAAAAND  
**BLOOWP SKREEEEK**

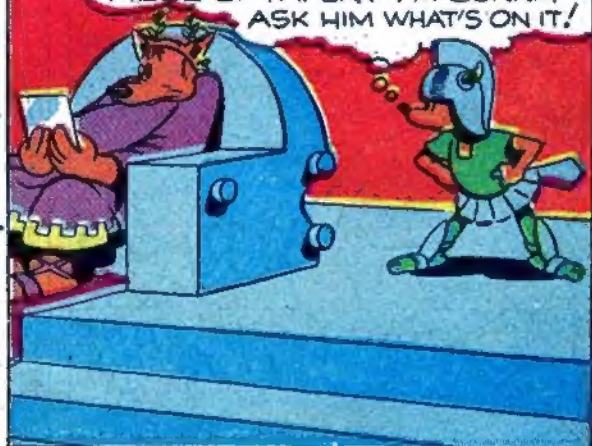


IN ANCIENT ROME, EMPEROR NERO FOX SITS IN SILENT SADNESS...

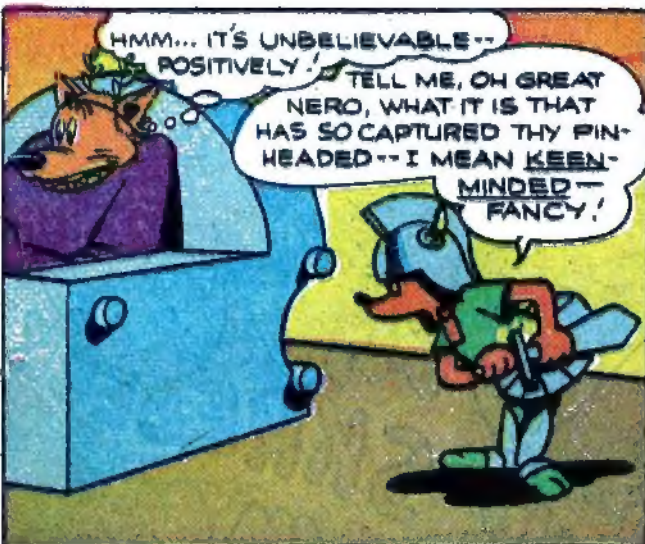
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE—POSITIVELY!



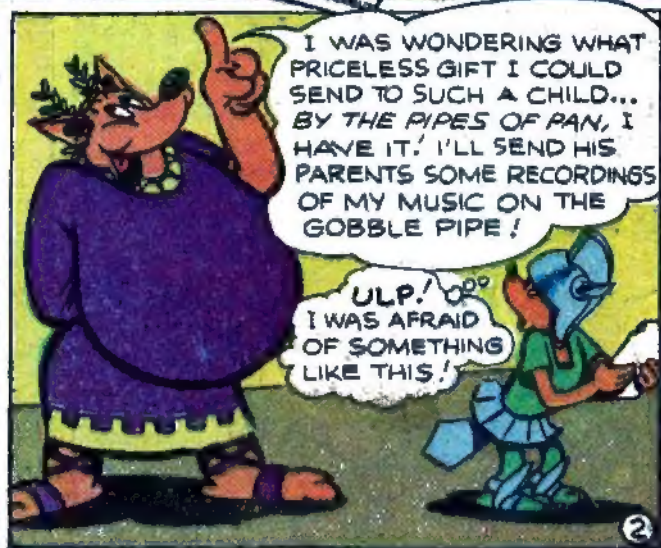
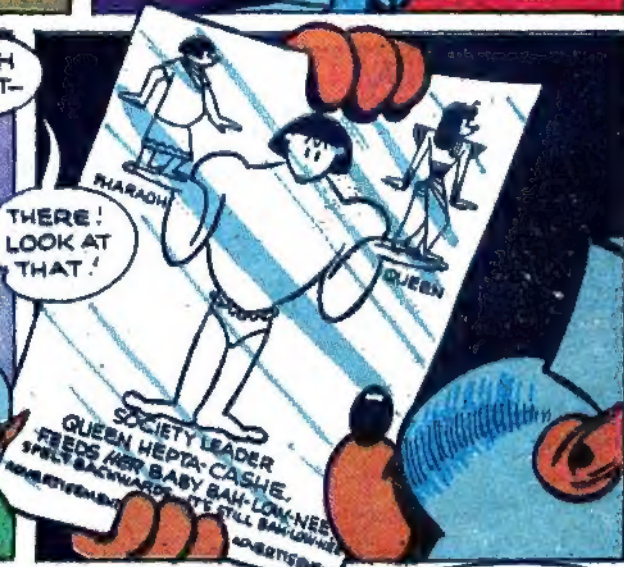
FOR THREE DAYS HE'S JUST SAT THERE, GOOPING AT THAT PIECE OF PAPER! I'M GONNA ASK HIM WHAT'S ON IT!



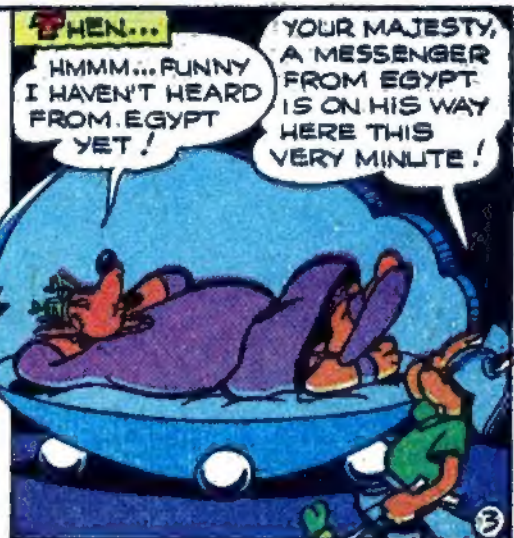
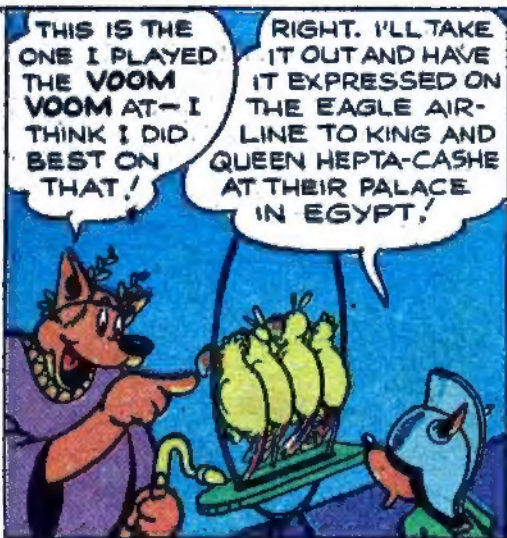
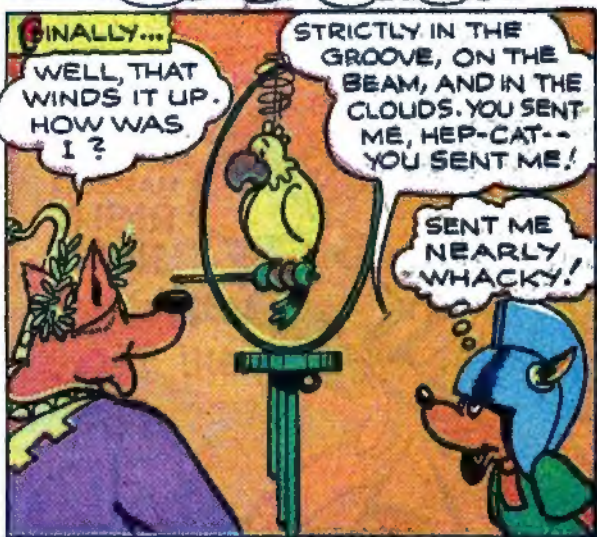
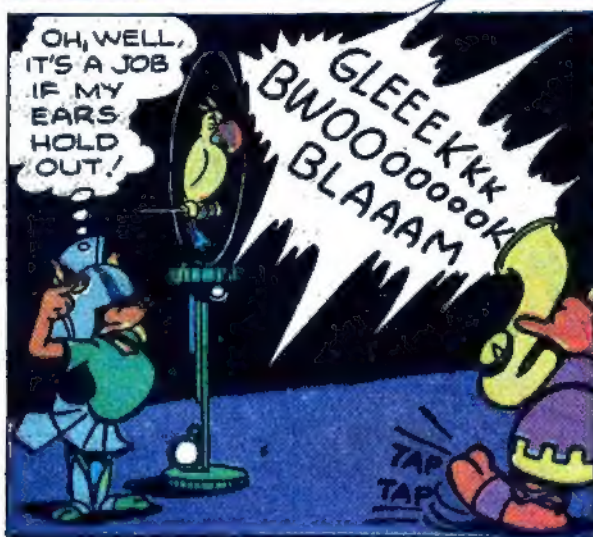
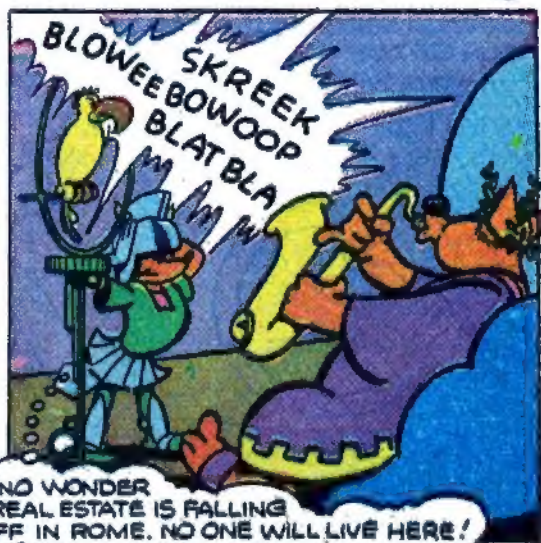




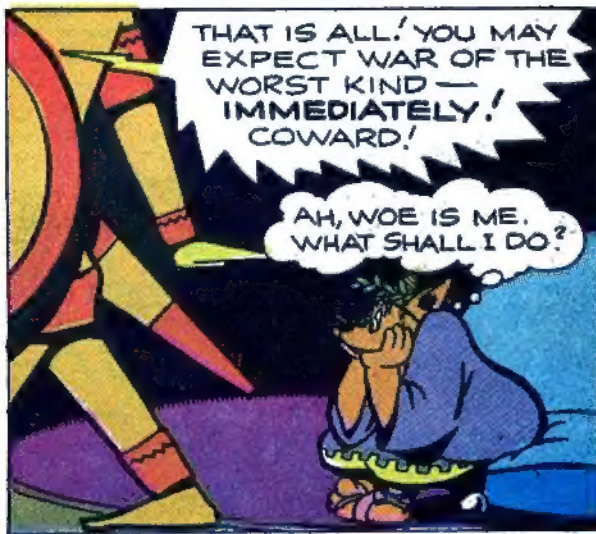
MY SIXTH NEPHEW'S COUSIN'S SEVENTH CHILD'S DAUGHTER IS QUEEN OF EGYPT-- AND THIS IS A PICTURE OF THE QUEEN'S YOUNGESTER, A CHILD OF SUCH PERFECTION THAT IT HAS STAGGERED ME, AND....

















THANK HEAVEN I SUCCEEDED  
IN SLIPPING PAST THE GUARD.

NOW TO TOSS NERO'S  
GOBBLE PIPE ABOARD  
THIS SHIP!




AND NOW TO  
GET BACK TO  
NERO!




FAR BE IT FROM ME TO GOSSIP, IMMORTAL  
HEP-CAT, BUT THIS IS STRAIGHT FROM THE  
HORSE'S MOUTH! YOUR GOBBLE PIPE IS  
NOW HIDDEN ON ONE OF THOSE EGYPTIAN  
GALLEYS!

YES...YES...  
YES...I SUPPOSE  
SO...YES...  
YES...




HUH?  
W-WHAZZAT?  
MY GOBBLE  
PIPE?



THAT EGYPTIAN  
MESSENGER  
MUST HAVE  
STOLEN IT!

AH, MY  
PLAN IS  
WORKING!



OH, THE INFAMY OF IT!  
THE BLACK-HEARTED  
VILLAINY! MY GOBBLE  
PIPE! ONE SIDE, THOU PUNY  
PYRAMID BUILDER!

YOW!

HE'S BOARDING  
THE WRONG GALLEY,  
BUT THAT'S  
OKAY, TOO!



HAH! MISCREANTS!  
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE  
WITH MY GOBBLE  
PIPE?

MOW HIM DOWN,  
MEN! HE'S BATS-  
PURE BATS!

WOULDST BAR  
THE EMPEROR  
IN HIS SEARCH  
FOR HIS  
MOST PRICE-  
LESS POS-  
SESSION?

YOW!  
SOMEBODY DO  
SOMETHING!

SOMEBODY IS  
DOING SOMETHING,  
AND IT'S ME!

IIIIIEE!

OWK!

SO! 'TIS YOU, THE  
WILY MESSENGER!  
WHERE IS MY  
GOBBLE PIPE?

G-G-G-GOBBLE PIPE?  
I'M ONLY EATING S-S-SOUP!

SOUP! YE TALK OF  
SOUP WHEN THE WORLD'S  
MOST TREASURED  
INSTRUMENT IS  
MISSING?...AND  
ONLY TWO  
MORE INSTALL-  
MENTS DUE  
ON IT, TOO!

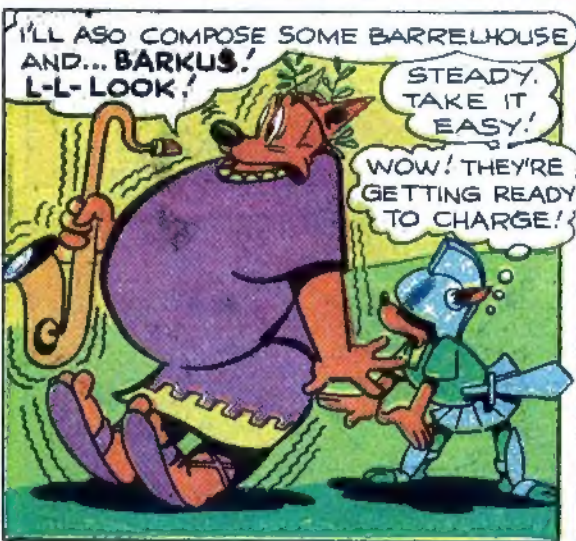
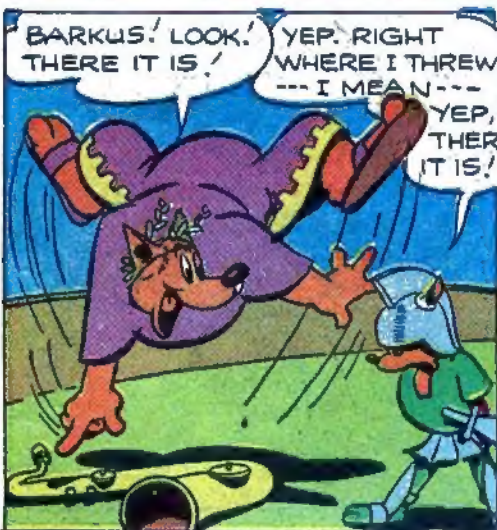
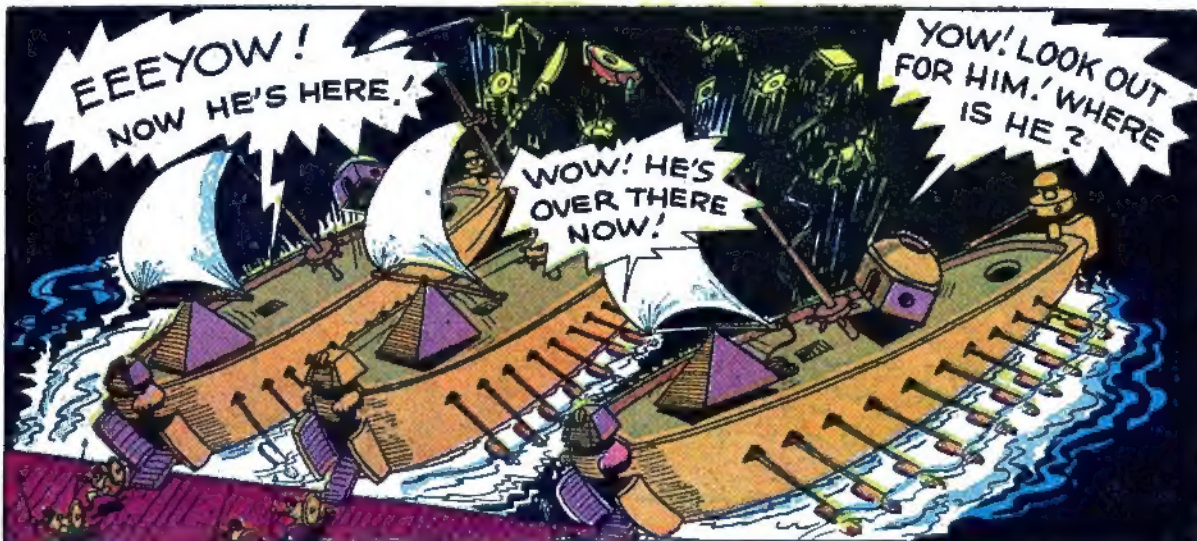
UNGK!

AND I  
CALLED HIM  
A COWARD!

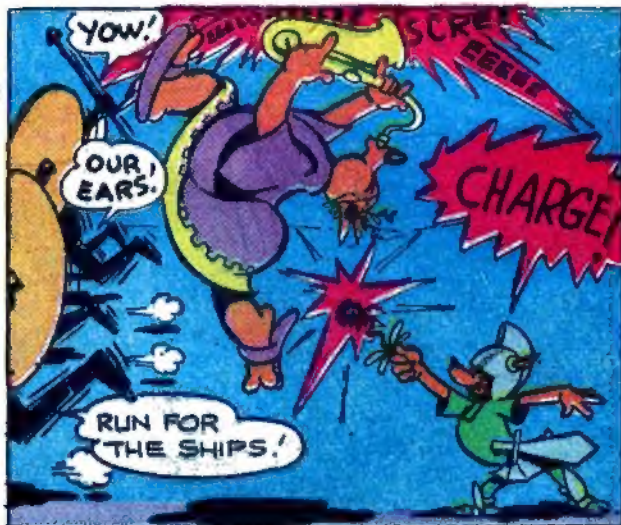
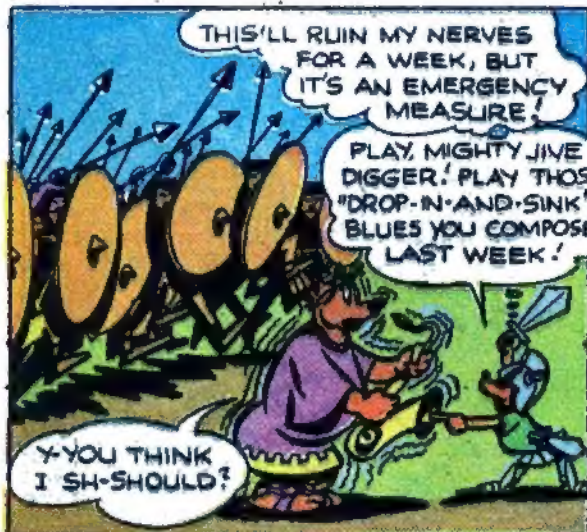
GREAT JUPITER! MUST  
I BE BALKED AT EVERY  
TURN! NOW  
I'LL SEARCH  
IN EARNEST!

AH! THIS IS  
WHAT I WAS  
HOPING  
FOR!





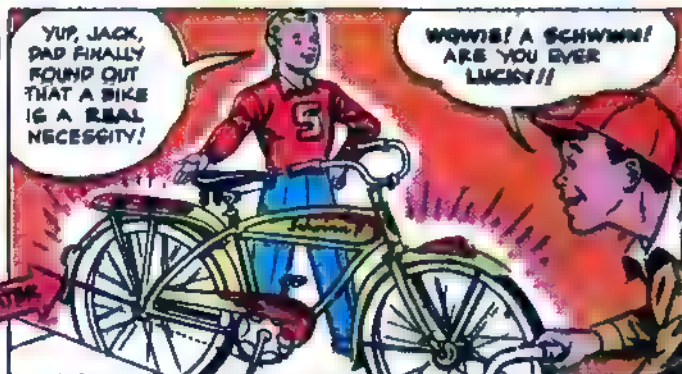
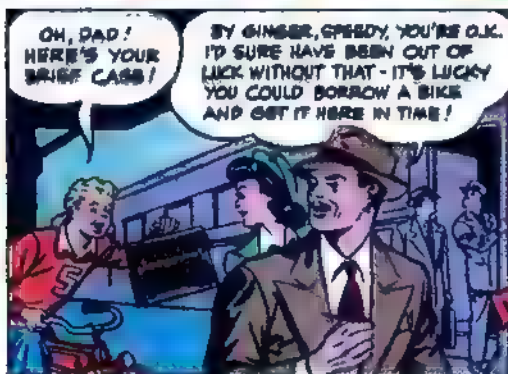
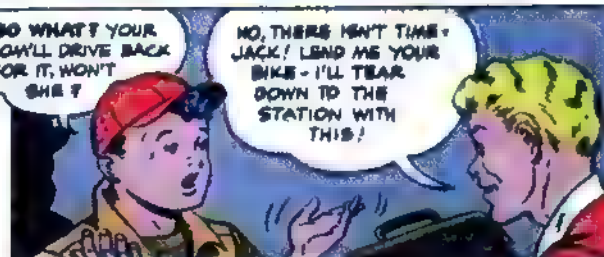
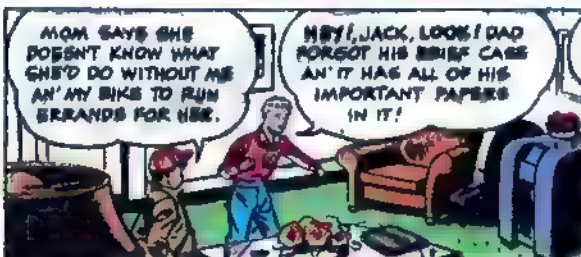
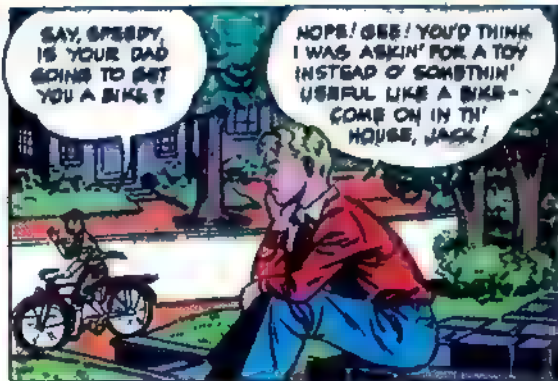
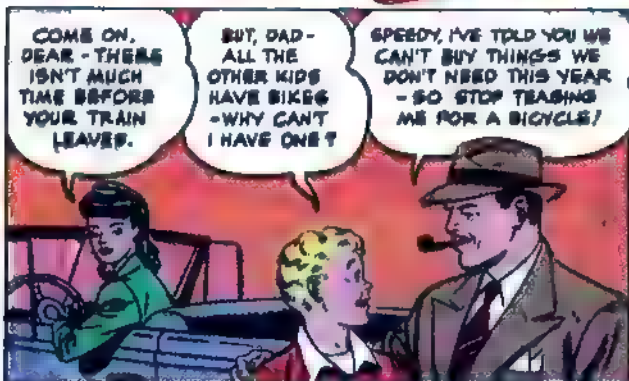






# SPEEDY WHEELER

SAVES THE DAY  
AND  
WINS A BIKE



## HEY! FELLOWS AND GIRLS -

GET THIS BIG, EXCITING  
MOVIE STAR - BICYCLE FOLDER  
**FREE!**

It's super! Packed with color pictures of Hollywood headliners on their Schwinn-Built Bicycles. Famous for speed, safety, easy riding. It's yours free - but supply is limited. To get your copy - mail coupon right now.

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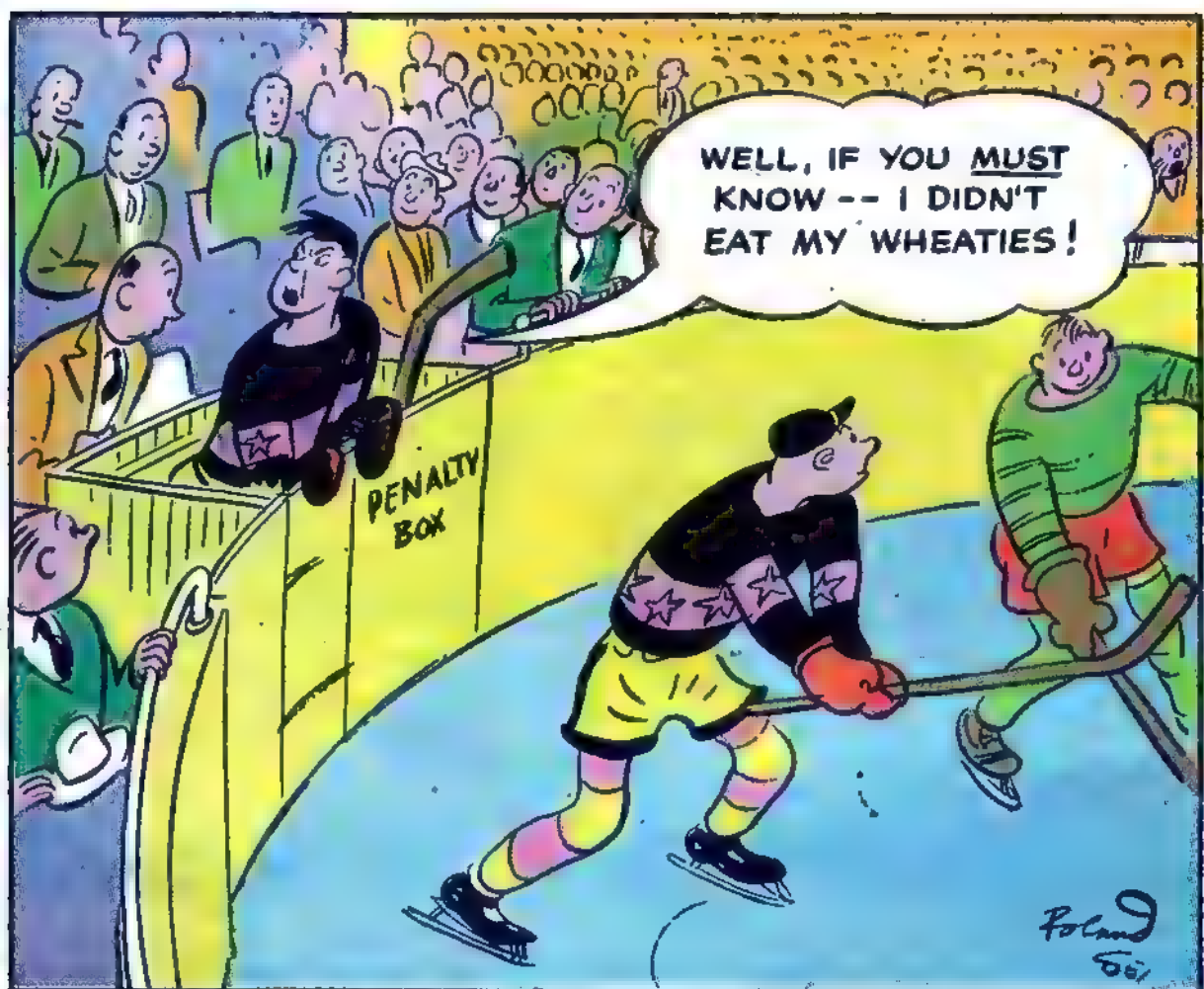
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**WHEATIES**  
Breakfast of Champions

**WHEATIES**  
**BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS**  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

**BETTER EAT YOUR WHEATIES!**  
IMPORTANT FOOD VALUES IN THOSE FAMOUS CEREAL FLAKES. WHOLE GRAIN LEVELS OF TWO ESSENTIAL B VITAMINS. IRON. FOOD ENERGY. GOOD-FOR-YOU NOURISHMENT IN GOOD-TO-EAT FORM. CRISP-TOASTED, RICH-FLAVORED, NUT-SWEET -- THAT'S WHEATIES.

GET SET FOR CHAMPION NOURISHMENT, DELICIOUS FLAVOR, SWELL FUN. PUT IN YOUR BID FOR LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

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# PELICAN PETE

WHEN A FISH CAN'T SWIM OR EVEN FLOAT, THERE'S SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS (OR SHOULD WE SAY FISHY?) ABOUT THE WHOLE BUSINESS. ANYWAY, IT TAKES PELICAN PETE AND HIS GADGET-CRAMMED POUCH TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE OF THE —

**"BURSTING BALLOONS!"**

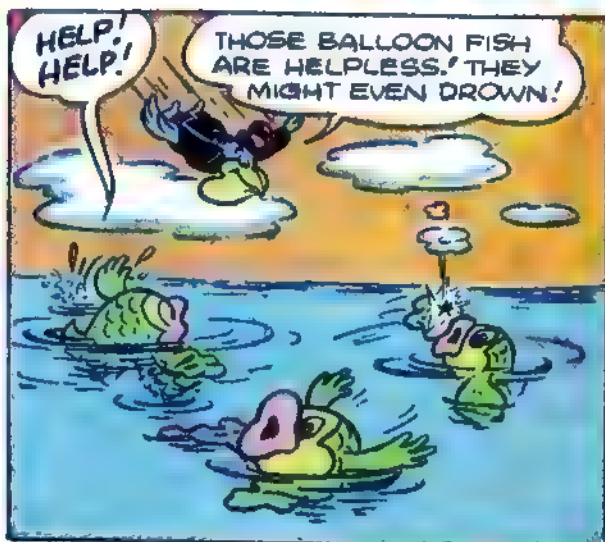
AS PELICAN PETE PEERS OVER HIS POUCH AT THE QUIET (???) SCENE BENEATH HIM...

GUN-FIRE BELOW!

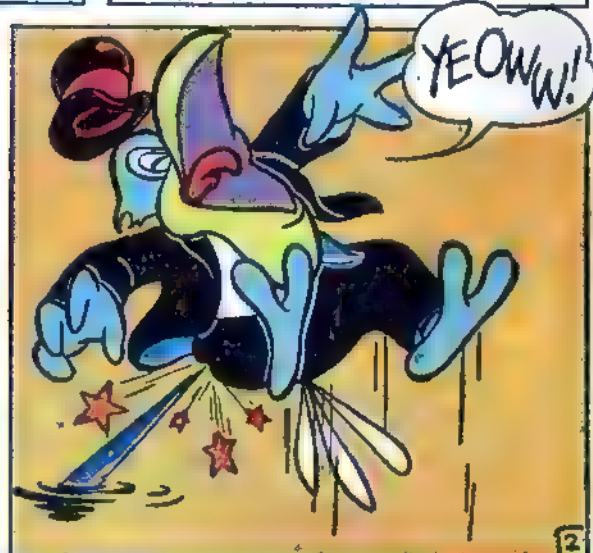
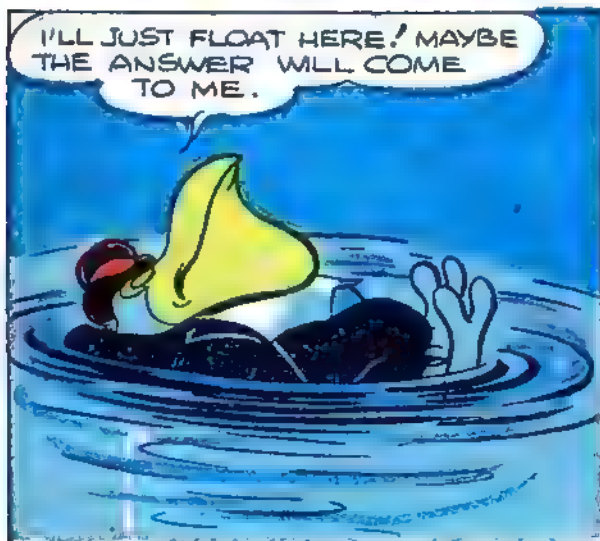
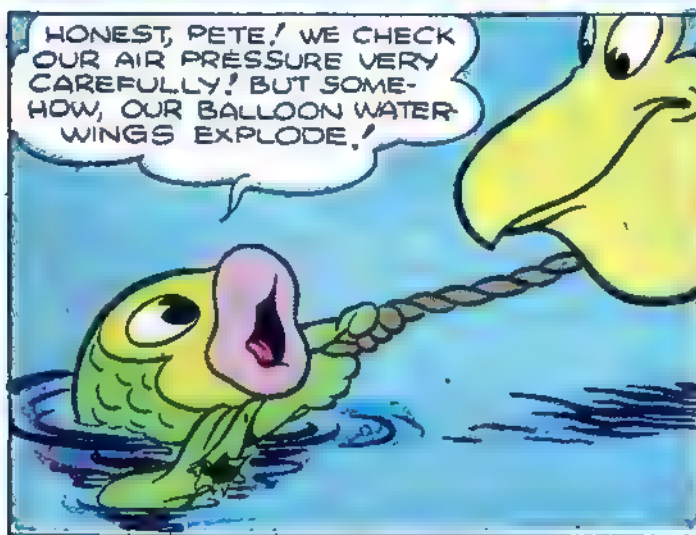
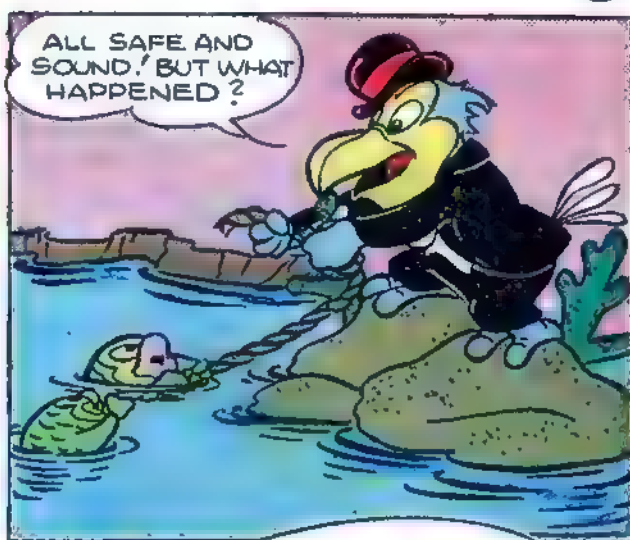
BANG! BANG! BANG!

HELP!  
HELP!

THOSE BALLOON FISH ARE HELPLESS! THEY MIGHT EVEN DROWN!



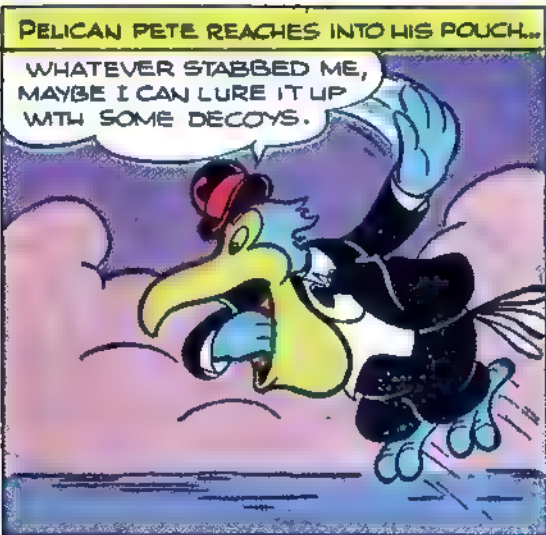




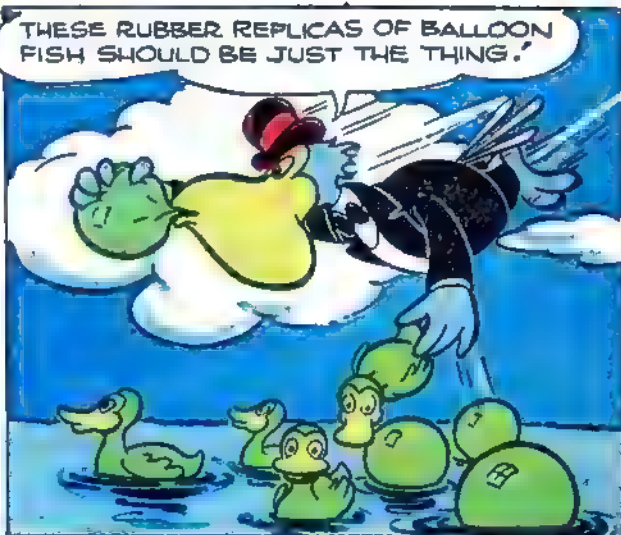


PELICAN PETE REACHES INTO HIS POUCH...

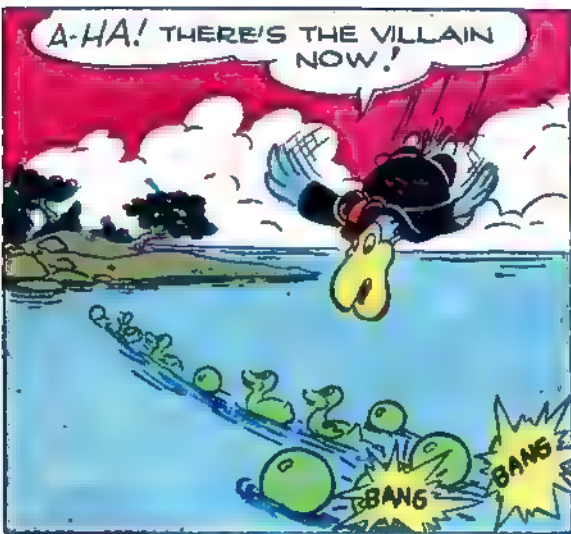
WHATEVER STABBED ME,  
MAYBE I CAN LURE IT UP  
WITH SOME DECOYS.



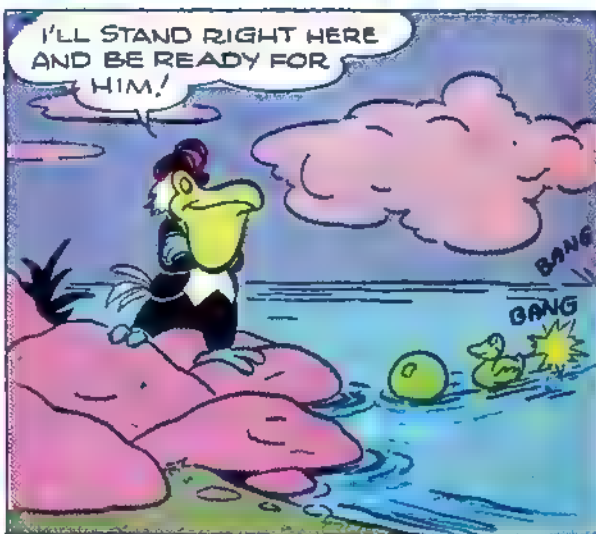
THESE RUBBER REPLICAS OF BALLOON  
FISH SHOULD BE JUST THE THING!



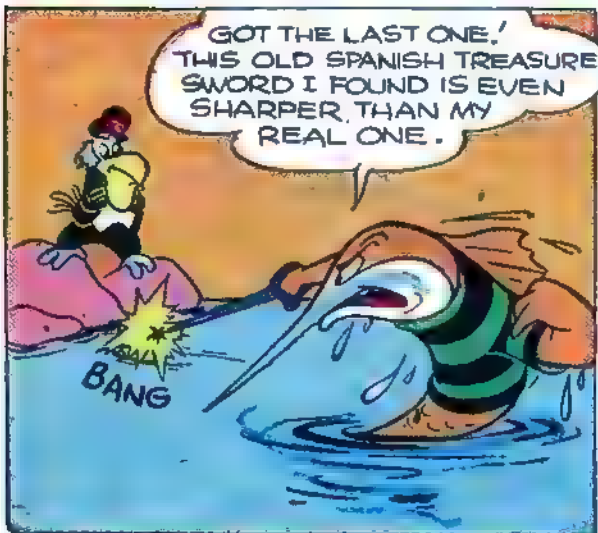
A-HA! THERE'S THE VILLAIN  
NOW!



I'LL STAND RIGHT HERE  
AND BE READY FOR  
HIM!

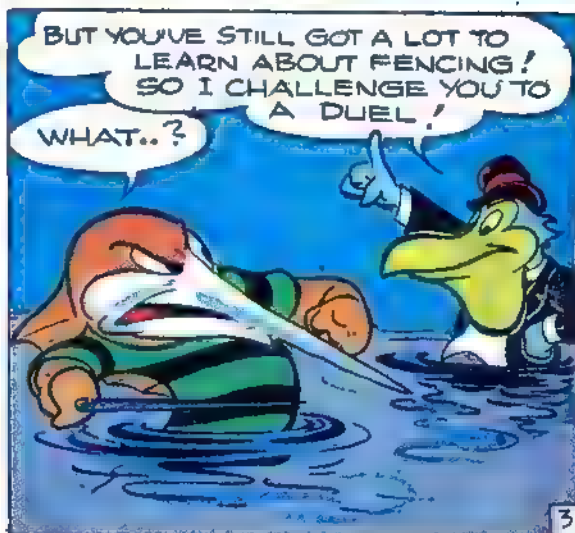


GOT THE LAST ONE!  
THIS OLD SPANISH TREASURE  
SWORD I FOUND IS EVEN  
SHARPER THAN MY  
REAL ONE.



BUT YOU'VE STILL GOT A LOT TO  
LEARN ABOUT FENCING!  
SO I CHALLENGE YOU TO  
A DUEL!

WHAT..?





NOW I'LL JUST UNHINGE MY OWN STICKER!

YOU'LL BE THROUGH WHEN I RUN YOU THROUGH AND THROUGH!

YOU'RE NOT SO GOOD. TRY AGAIN.

YOU'LL BE A PUNCTURED PELICAN PETE WHEN I GET DONE!

FIRST, JUST A LITTLE TWIST OF THE WRIST.

I'M DISARMED!

AND THEN HERE'S MY FIST! NOW LEAVE THOSE BALLOON FISH ALONE.

POW!

DANGER'S OVER! YOU CAN FLOAT IN PEACE.

THANKS, PELICAN PETE. AND WE'RE PUMPING UP A BIG PRESENT FOR YOU.

NOT BAD! THIS IS A SWELL WAY TO RELAX-UNTIL THE NEXT PUZZLE-PROBLEM POPS UP!



# SPEEDING YOUR WAY... SOON... LIONEL'S POSTWAR TRAINS!



LIKE THE BIG  
RAILROADS-- ALL THE  
EXCITING IMPROVEMENTS  
YOU'VE BEEN  
WAITING FOR!

Soon  
you'll have  
your new,  
exciting,  
true-to-life  
Lionel Train.  
Look what  
she'll have!

THESE BUILT-IN WHISTLES  
SURE ARE SWEET!

NEW REMOTE CONTROL  
MAKES HER GO FORWARDS  
OR BACKWARDS--FAST  
OR SLOW!

RUN TWO TRAINS  
AT THE SAME TIME  
ON THE SAME TRACK!

JUST PRESS A BUTTON  
TO UNCOUPLE CARS  
LIKE MAGIC!

TOUCH A BUTTON AND YOUR  
CARS WILL LOAD UP WITH  
LUMBER, COAL, STEEL GIRDERS--  
ALL KINDS OF REAL FREIGHT!

## Get These Two Big Booklets FREE!

1. Candid Camera  
Shots of Lionel  
Trains in Fast, Ex-  
citing Action.
2. Plans, Blue-  
prints, Instructions  
... For Building a  
Model Railroad All  
the Fellows Will  
Envy.

Just clip this  
coupon.

The Lionel Corporation  
Dept. No. D  
15 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

Please rush my Two Big FREE Booklets!

Name

Address

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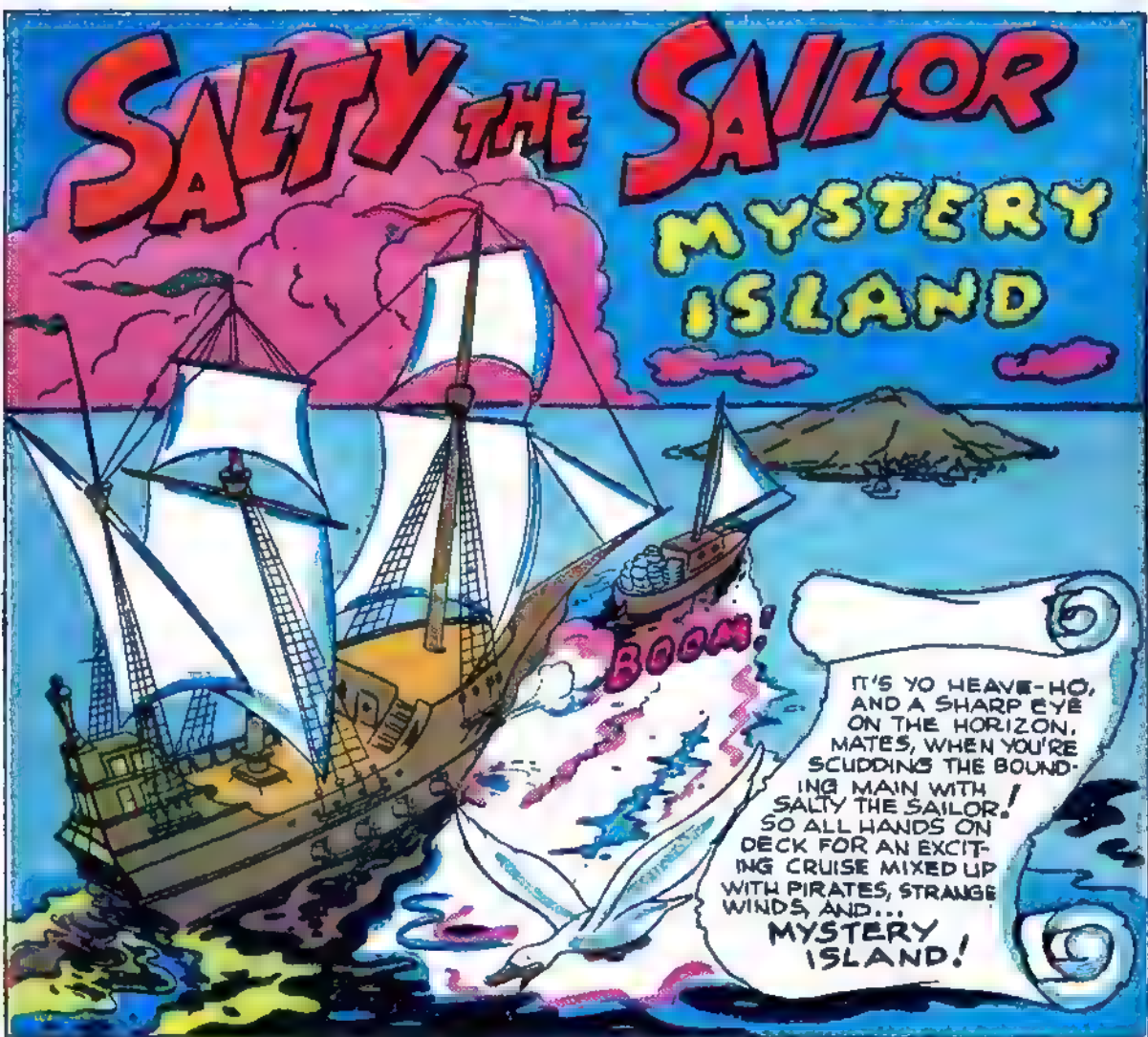
Look  
to

# LIONEL

LIKE REAL TRAINS IN EVERYTHING EXCEPT SIZE!

**COMING!**  
THE GREATEST  
SINGLE ADVANCE IN  
ELECTRIC TRAINS!  
Watch for  
later news





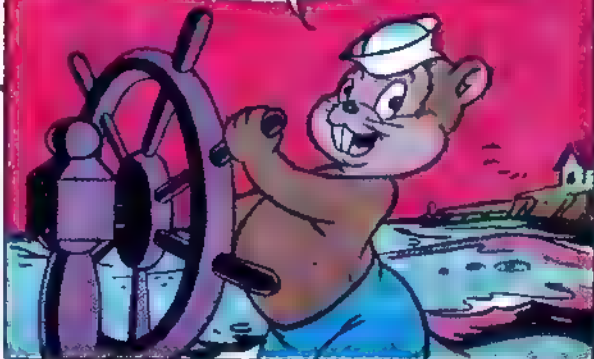
IT'S YO HEAVE-HO,  
AND A SHARP EYE  
ON THE HORIZON.  
MATES, WHEN YOU'RE  
SCUDDING THE BOUND-  
ING MAIN WITH  
SALTY THE SAILOR!  
SO ALL HANDS ON  
DECK FOR AN EXCIT-  
ING CRUISE MIXED UP  
WITH PIRATES, STRANGE  
WINDS, AND...  
**MYSTERY  
ISLAND!**

IT'S A BRISK, SUNNY DAY - AND SALTY  
THE SAILOR GETS SET FOR A SAIL...

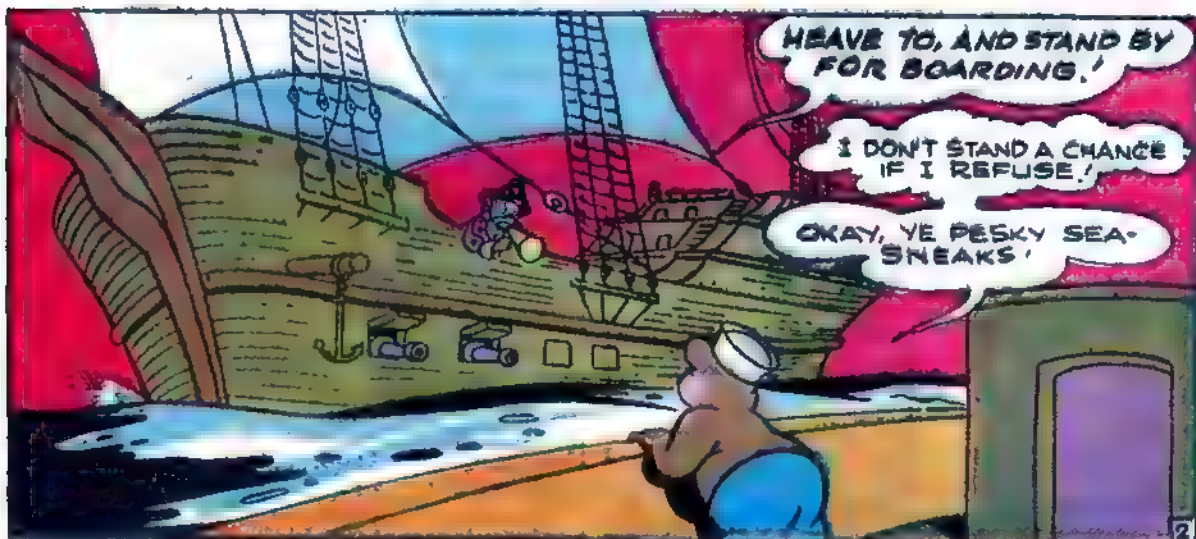
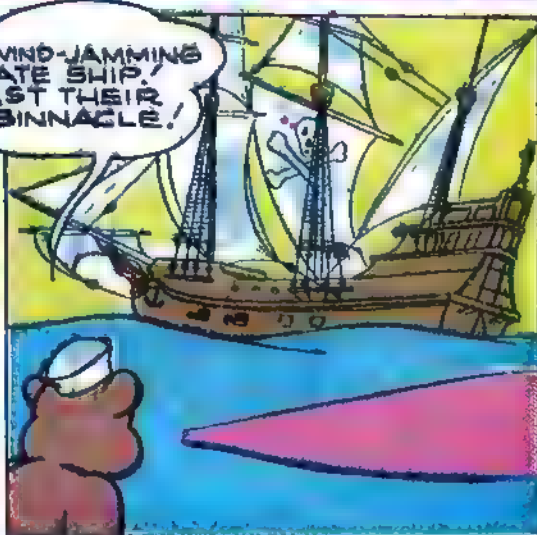
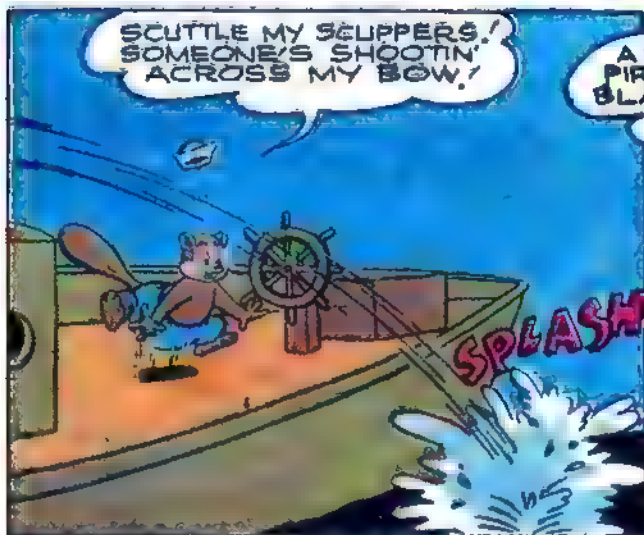
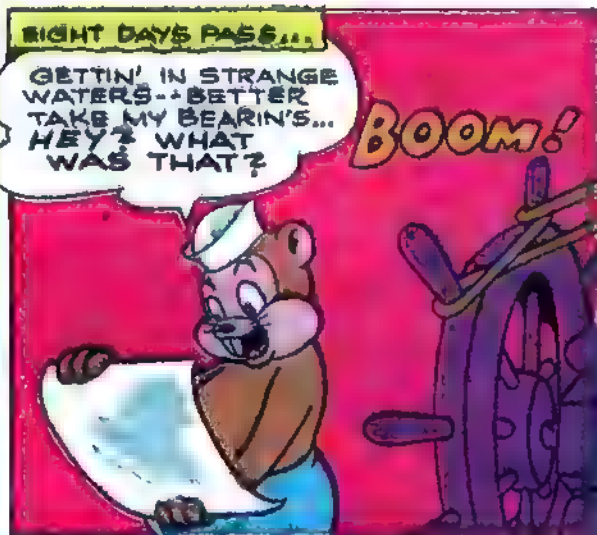
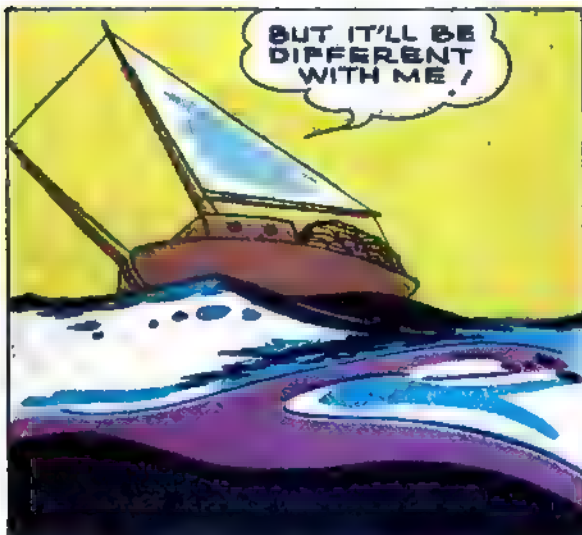
YOU'RE SURE YOU  
WANT TO RISK MAKING  
THIS TRIP, SALTY?  
NO SHIP HAS  
EVER RETURNED  
FROM MYSTERY  
ISLAND!

SHIVER MY  
TIMBERS, I'M  
GOIN' THERE,  
AN' WHAT'S  
MORE, I'M  
COMIN'  
BACK!

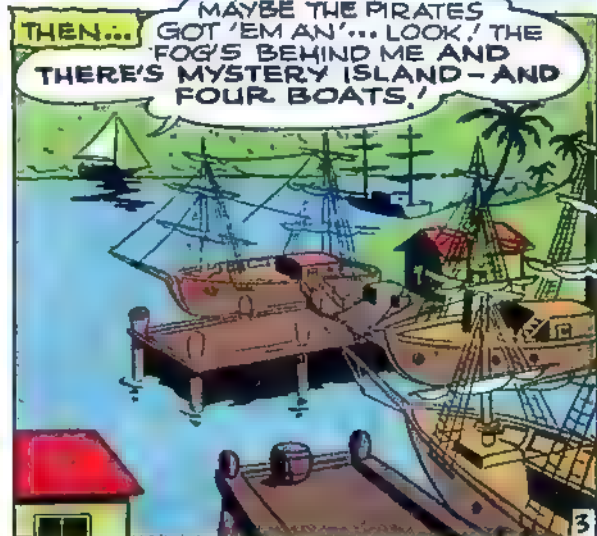
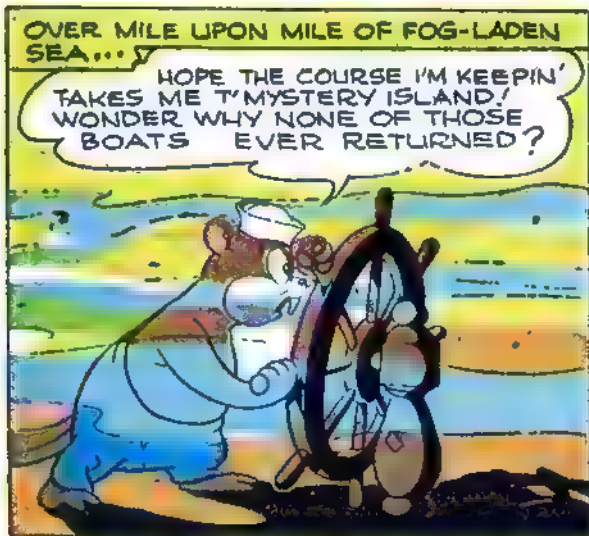
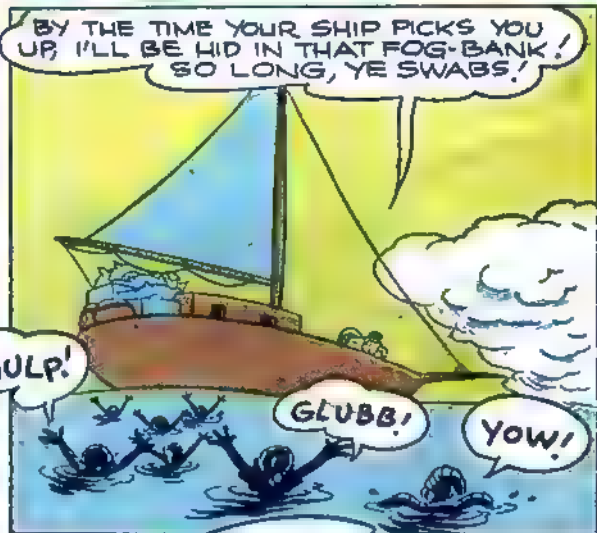
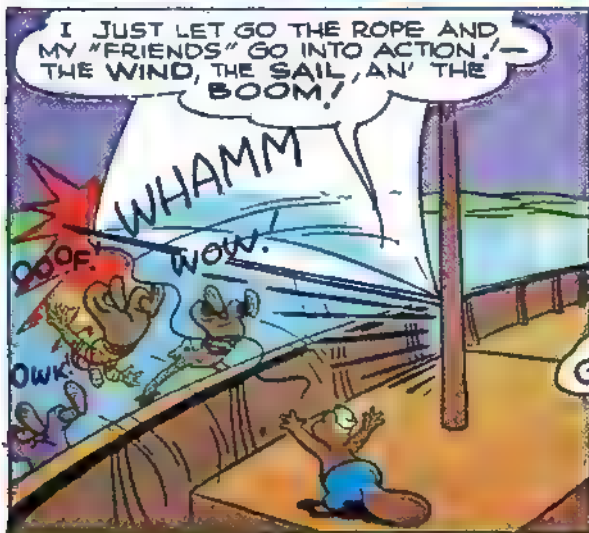
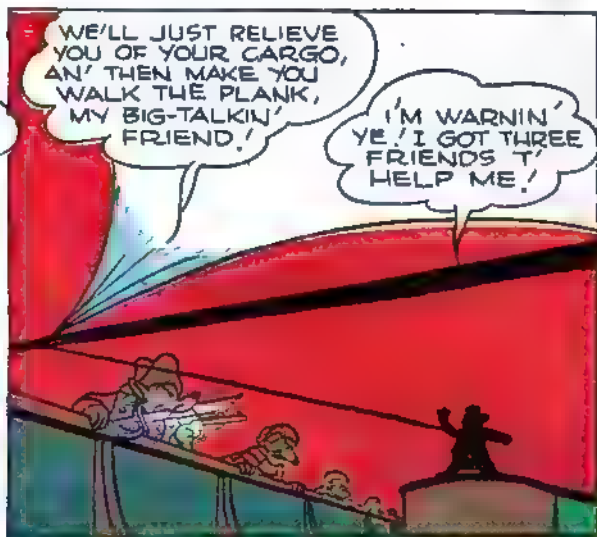
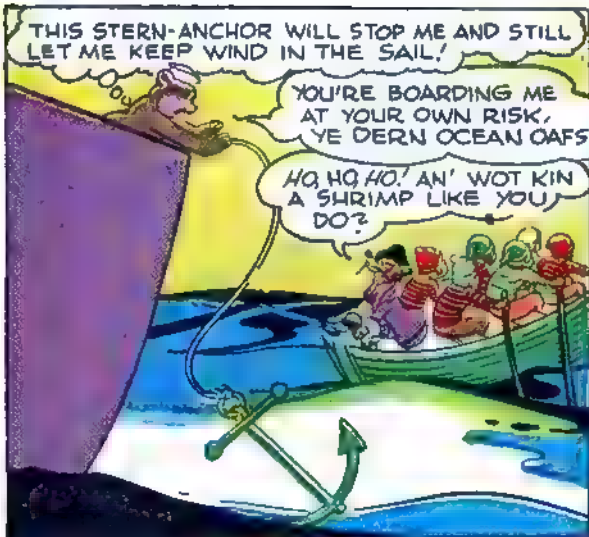
THE INHABITANTS ON MYSTERY ISLAND  
PAID IN ADVANCE FIVE YEARS AGO  
FOR A CARGO EACH YEAR... IT'S  
TRUE FOUR SHIPS SAILED IN FOUR  
YEARS AND NEVER CAME  
BACK -













I'LL JUST SAIL IN AND... HEY! THE WIND'S CHANGED IN A SECOND AND IS BLOWING FROM THE ISLAND BACK OUT TO SEA!

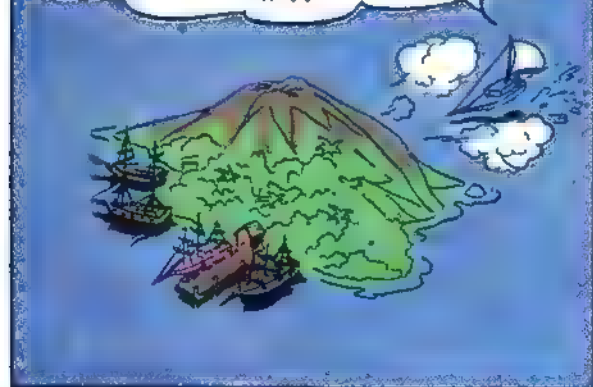


THAT'S FUNNY. EVERYTIME I SHIFT SAIL, THE WIND SHIFTS TOO! I'LL GO AROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE!

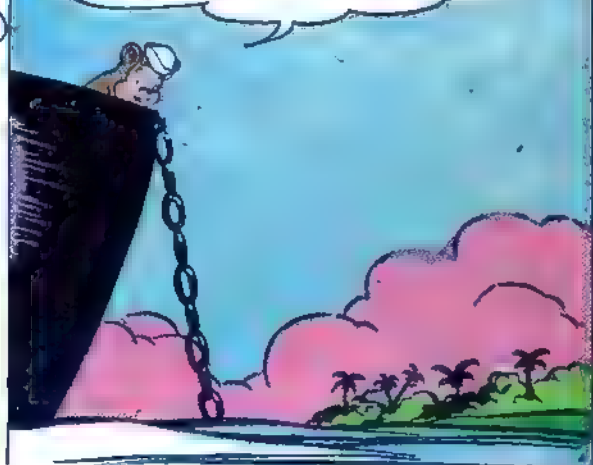


BUT ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE!

YOW! NOW I'M ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE ISLAND BUT THE WIND'S STILL BLOWING ME TOWARD THE SEA!

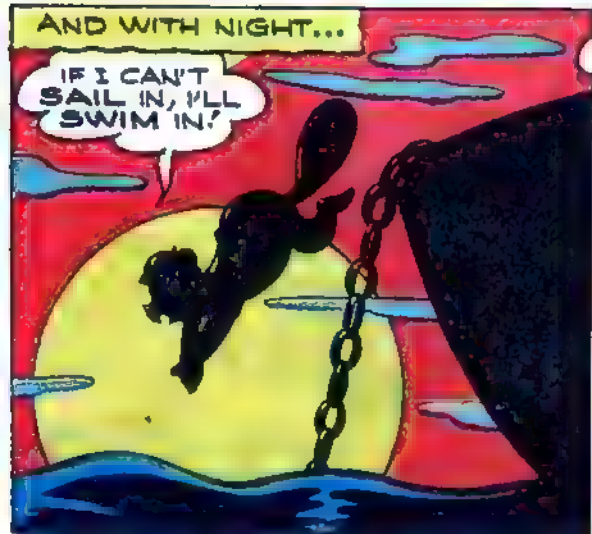


I'LL ANCHOR OUT HERE TILL NIGHTFALL! THEN...

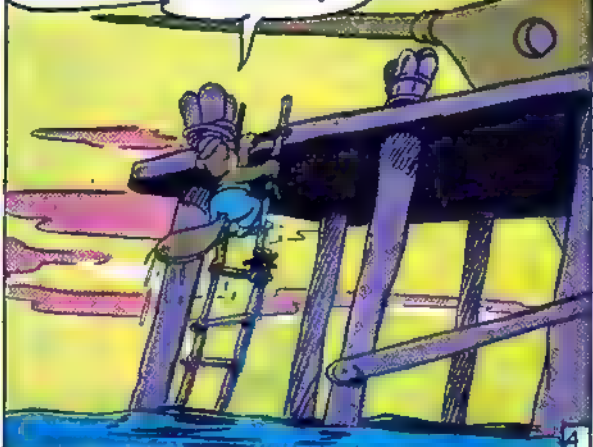


AND WITH NIGHT...

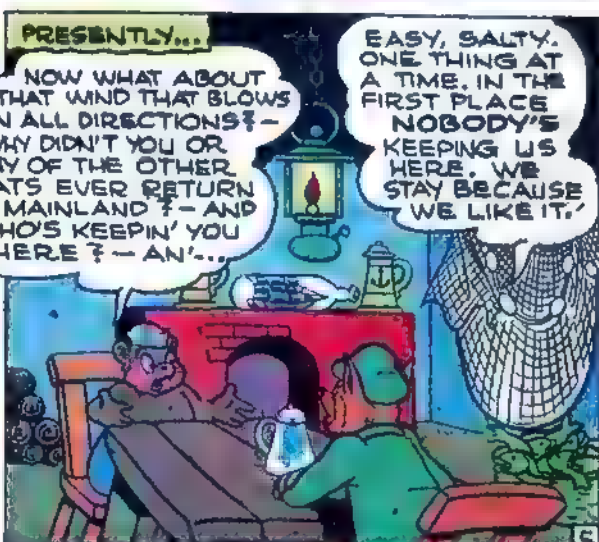
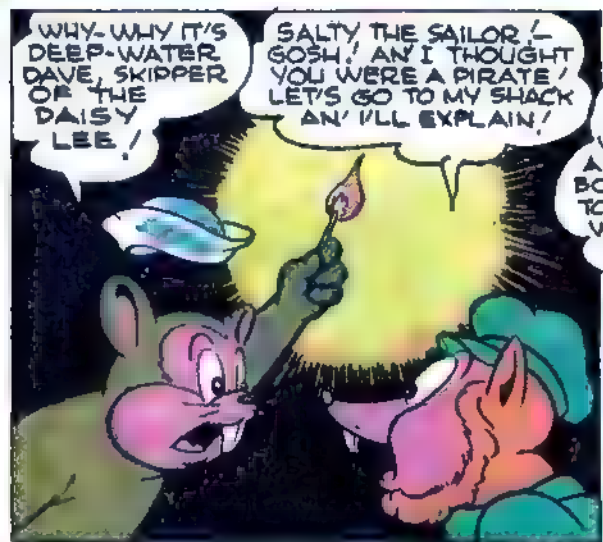
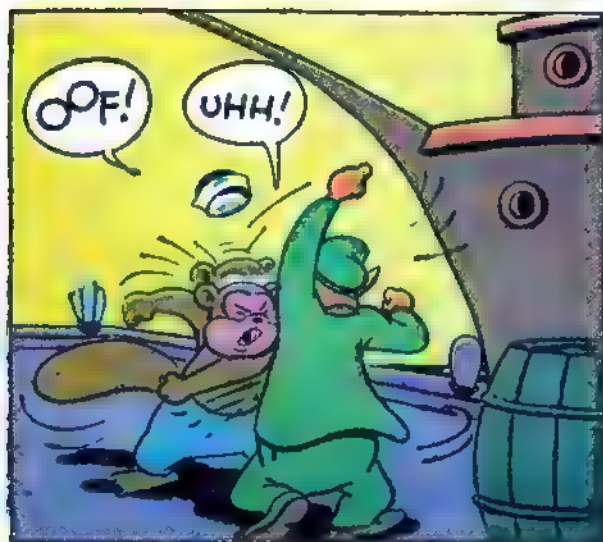
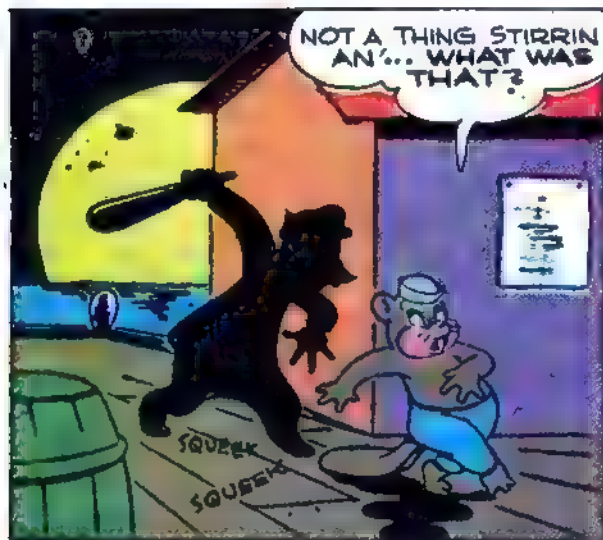
IF I CAN'T SAIL IN, I'LL SWIM IN!



MADE IT OKAY SO FAR... GOSH, KIND OF SCARY-EVERYTHING SO STILL AND SILENT!









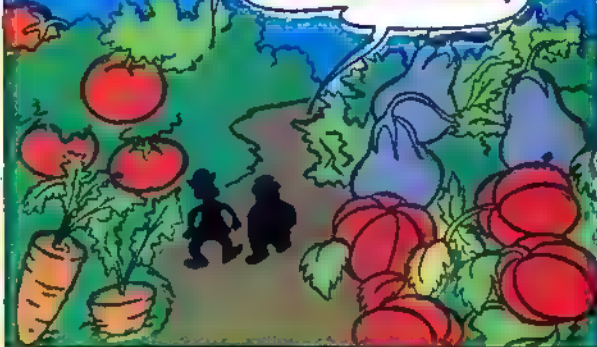


YOU SEE THIS PLACE IS JUST CHUCK-FULL OF NATURAL RESOURCES—VOLCANIC STEAM POWER T' DO THE WORK—PLENTY OF FRUIT AN' VEGETABLES—I'LL SHOW YOU IN THE MORNING...



THERE'S OUR GRUB—ALL WE NEED ONLY ABOUT ONCE A YEAR OR SO AT THE START, IT WAS NECESSARY TO GET THINGS FROM THE MAINLAND.

LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT FRUIT!



AND THERE'S OUR VOLCANIC-STEAM POWER PLANT—RUNS EVERYTHING, INCLUDING AN ARTIFICIAL WIND MACHINE AT EACH CORNER OF THE ISLAND—TO BLOW OFF PIRATES.

I'LL BE HORNSWOGGLED! BUT WHY'D YOU THINK I WAS A PIRATE?



BECAUSE OF THAT PIRATE'S EMBLEM ON YOUR MAST!

WELL, JOLT MY JIB BOOM, A PIRATE'S HAT GOT STUCK ON IT AND I DIDN'T SEE IT—BEIN' UP FORWARD LIKE THAT!



SOON...

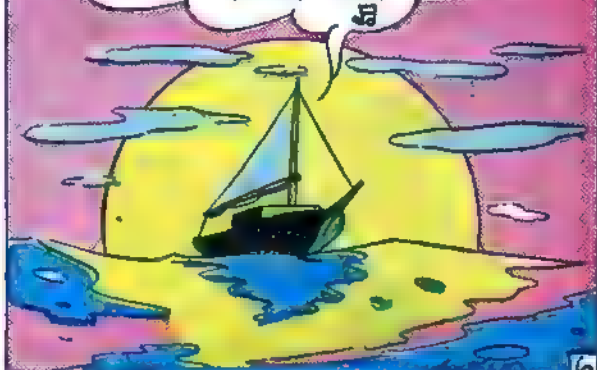
I GUESS THAT'S ABOUT THE LAST CARGO WE'LL NEED HERE AT MYSTERY ISLAND—WHY DON'T YOU STAY, ON WITH US, SALTY?

THANKS JUST THE SAME, BUT IT'S A MITE TOO TAME FOR ME!



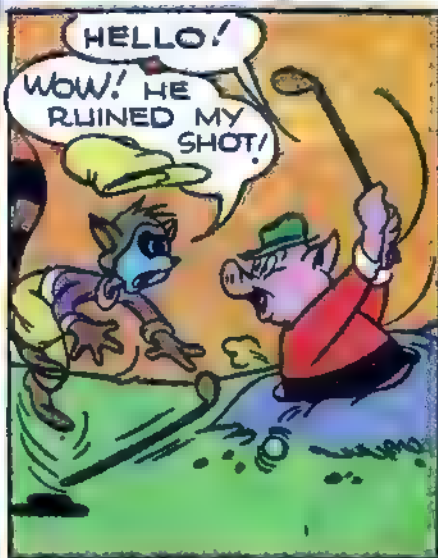
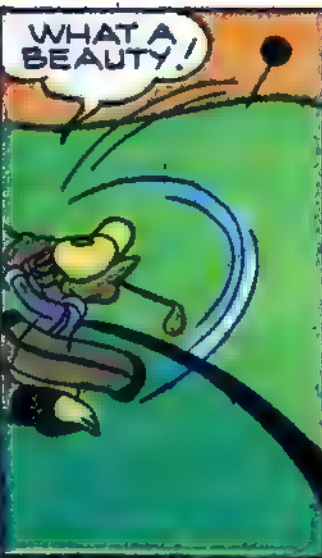
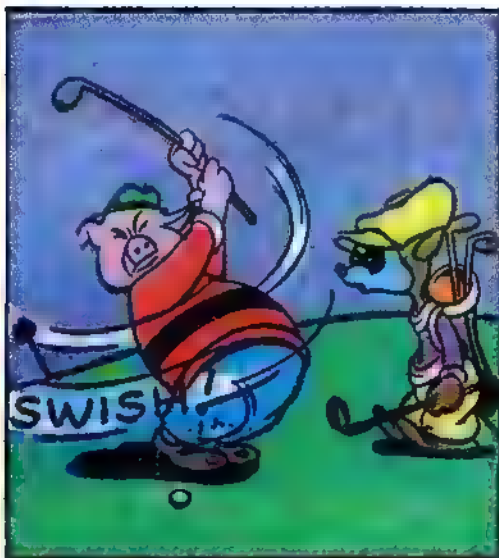
HOMeward BOUND...

OH, A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE IS THE ONLY LIFE FOR ME!





# TEE FOR TWO



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF LEADING COMICS, published quarterly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1934.  
State of New York  
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. B. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the LEADING COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 357, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, World's Best Comics Co., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Elsworth, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, J. B. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) World's Best Comics Co., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; H. Dinstein, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; J. B. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

N. Y.; G. F. Frank, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; A. I. Mevin, 123 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation (or other such trustee is acting) is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements exhibiting affirmatively full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as stock, bond, stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bond, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. B. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of September, 1934.  
ALFRED R. TAPPE, Notary Public (Commission expires March 30, 1935)



# HUGO HORNSPRED

FROM MOON MOUNTAIN'S COOL, PINE-CLAD HILLS TO THE ROARING FEVER HEAT OF THE BIG CITY'S RACE-TRACK IS MORE THAN A HOP, SKIP AND JUMP. BUT HUGO HORNSPRED, CRAMMED WITH CALORIES AND VIBRATING WITH VITAMINS, THE WAY HE ALWAYS IS, TAKES IT IN HIS STRIDE, THROWING IN FOR GOOD MEASURE A DUMFOUNDING DEMONSTRATION OF...

**"BACKWOODS BRAWN!"**

THE HOME OF HUGO HORNSPRED, DEEP IN THE FOREST SLOPES OF MOON MOUNTAIN...

GOOD BYE FOLKS!

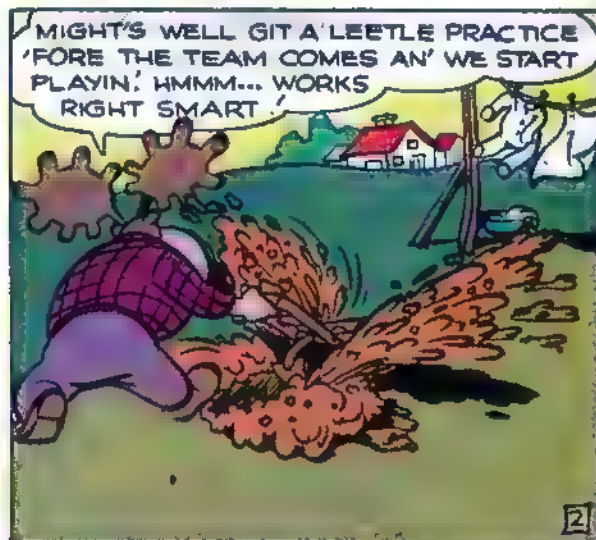
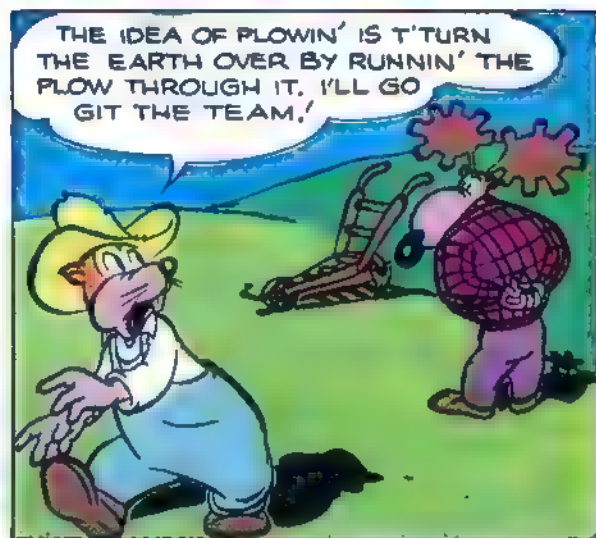
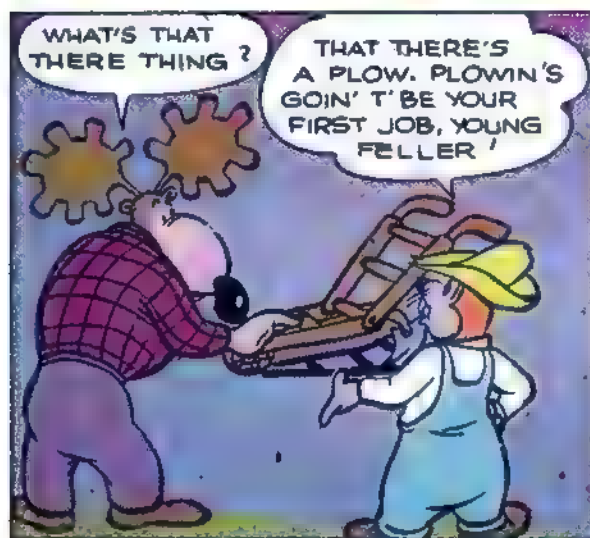
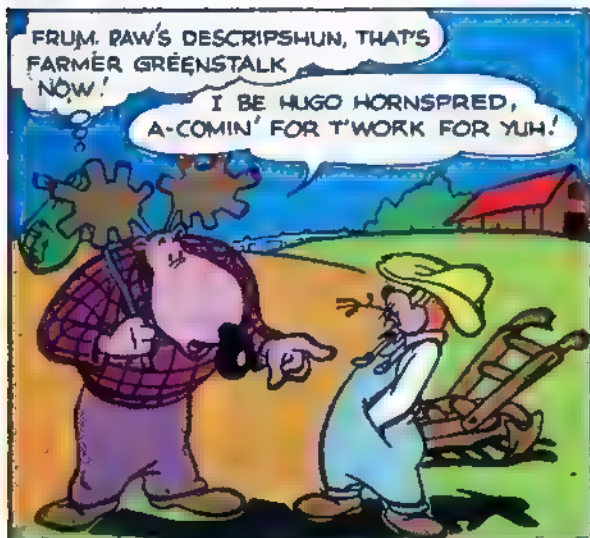
IT WAS NICE OF FARMER GREENSTALK, TO TAKE HUGO ON AS A FARM HAND!

HUGO MAY NOT BE A BRIGHT BOY, BUT HE'S A ~~GOOD~~ BOY WITH A STRONG BACK, AND SHOULD GET ALONG!

LONG, WEARY FOREST-MILES LATER...

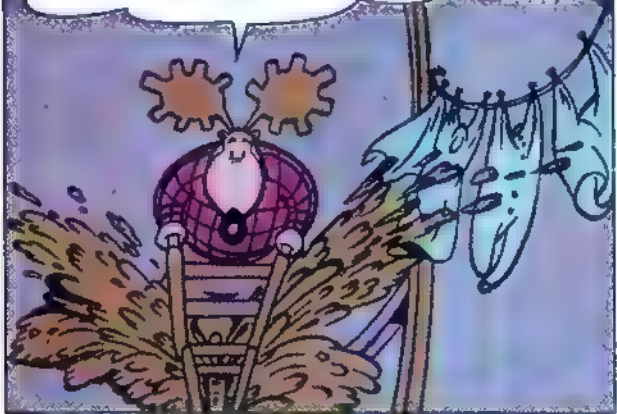
THERE'S THE FARMLANDS NOW, DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT FARMIN', BUT I RECKON IT HAS SOMETHIN' T' DO WITH GROWIN' THINGS!







YEP. WORKS SLICKER 'N A CLAY ROAD  
IN A RAIN STORM. BET FARMER GREEN-  
STALK 'LL BE PLENTY TICKLED I LEARNED  
T' PLAY SO QUICK.



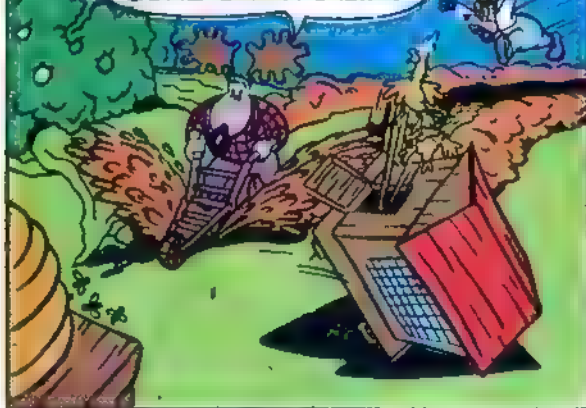
NOW I'LL SHOW  
YOUNG HORNSPRED  
HOW... **HEY!!**

MY WARSH.' MY  
GARDEN.' MY CORN-  
CRIB! SILAS-- **DO  
SOMETHING!**

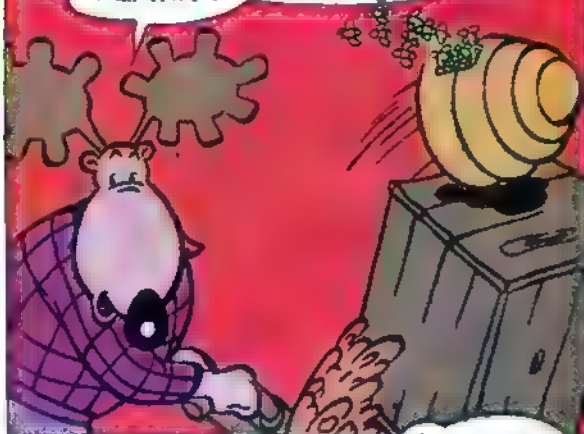


**HEY! STOP IT! COME BACK HERE,  
CONARN YE!**

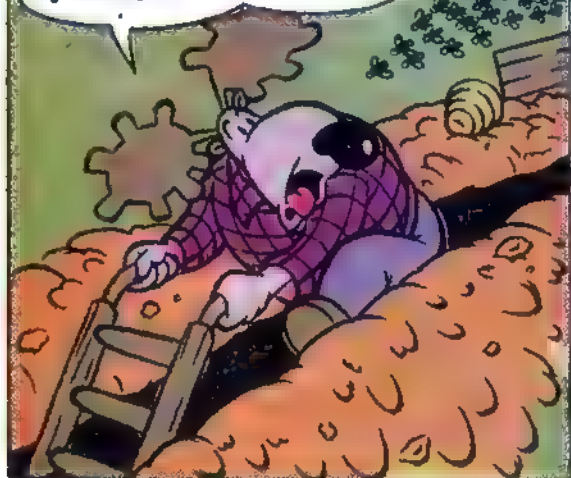
SEEMS I HEERD  
SOME ONE A-CALLIN'



YEP. HE WANTS ME TO COME BACK.  
GUESS IT'S TIME TO START  
PLAYIN'.

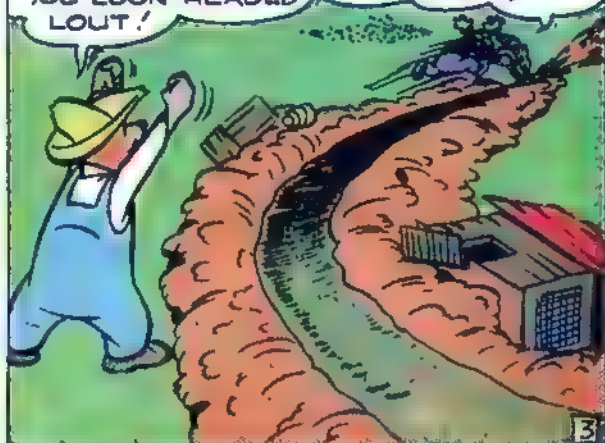


**YOW! BEES, BY HECK!**

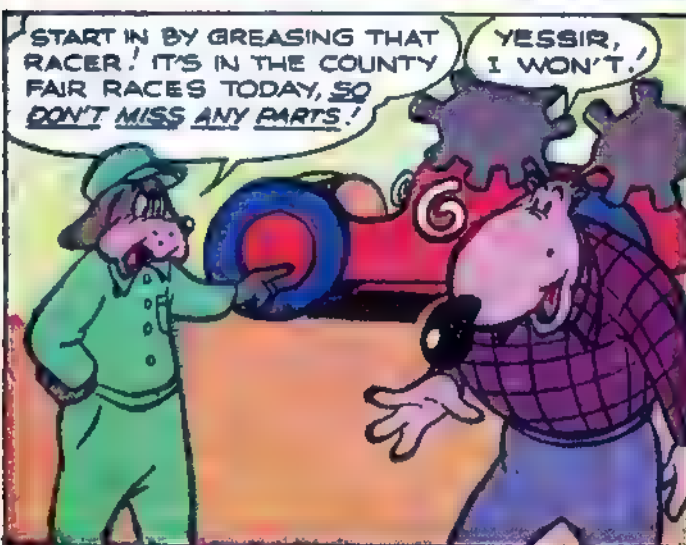
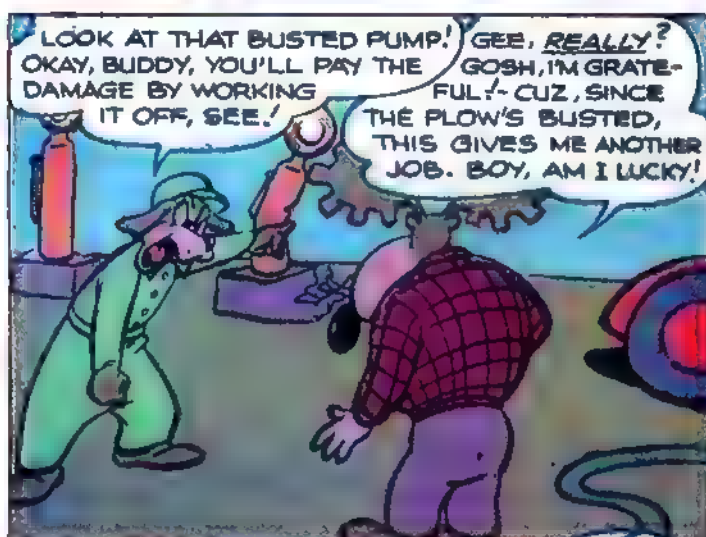
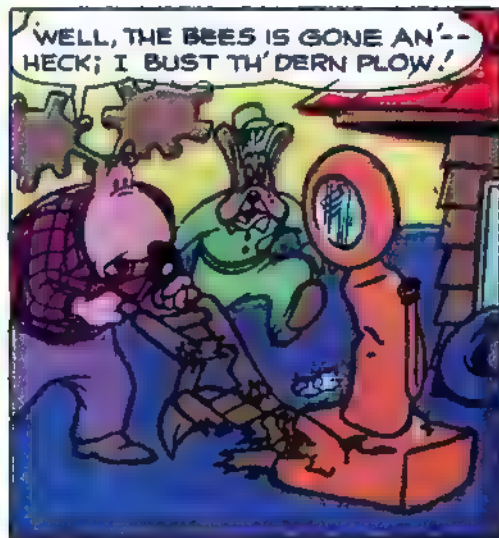
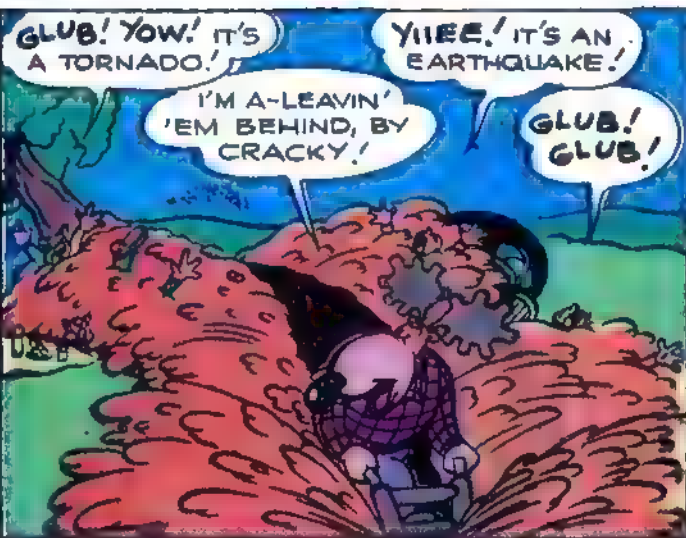


COME BACK HERE  
WITH THAT PLOW—  
YOU LOON-HEADED  
LOUT!

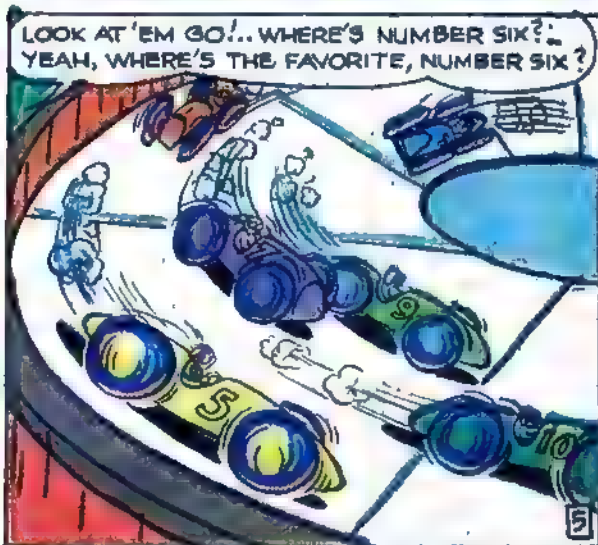
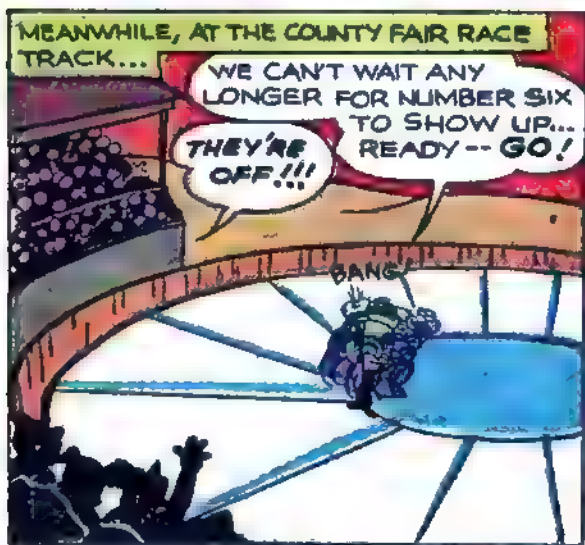
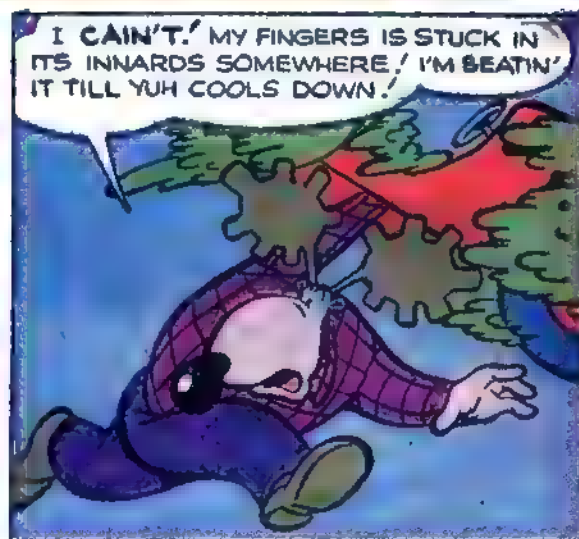
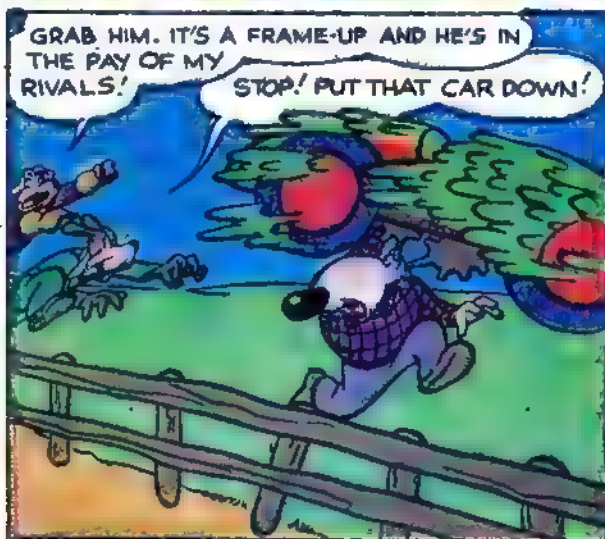
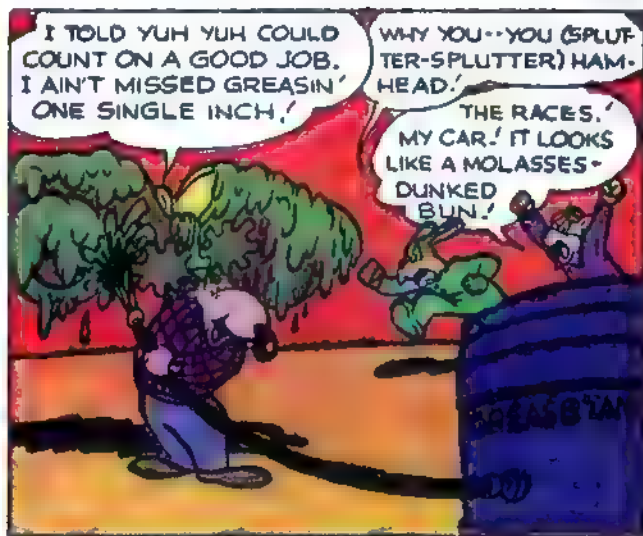
I'LL FOTCH  
IT LATER! RIGHT NOW  
I'M ALL TOOKEN UP  
WITH BEES. **BEYOW!**



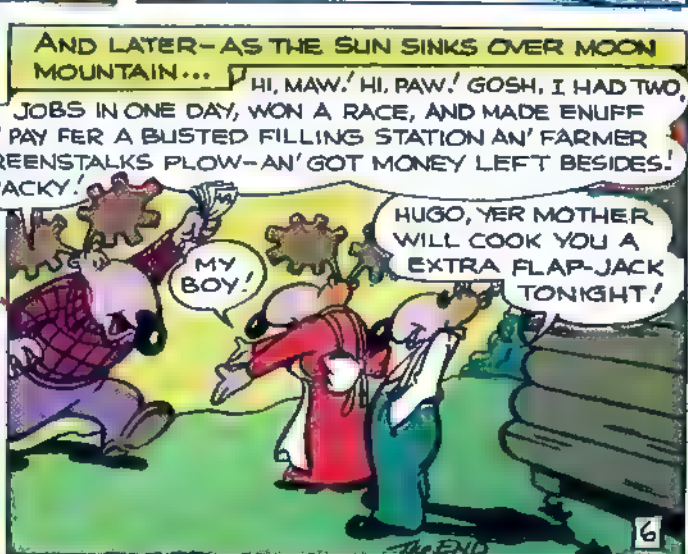
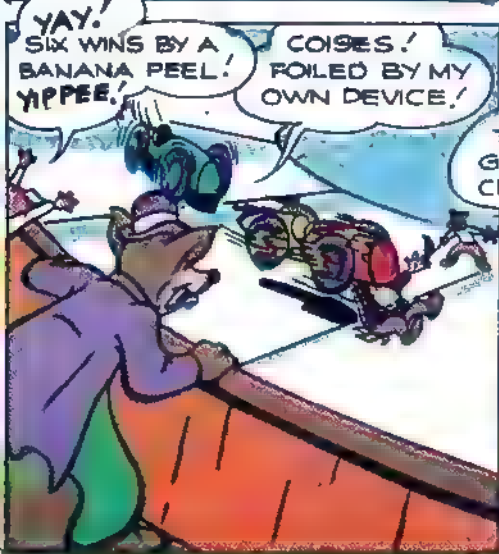
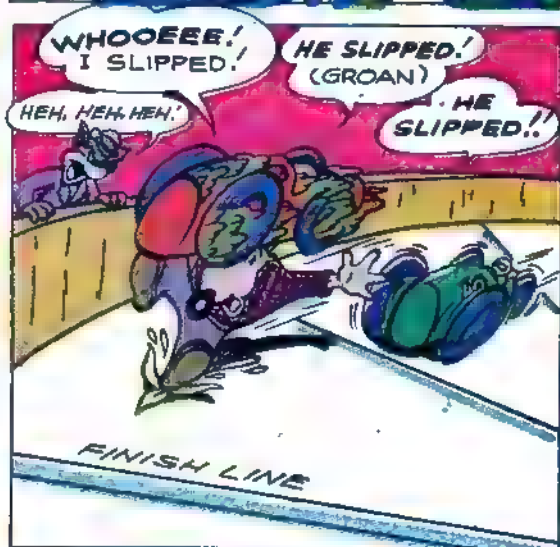
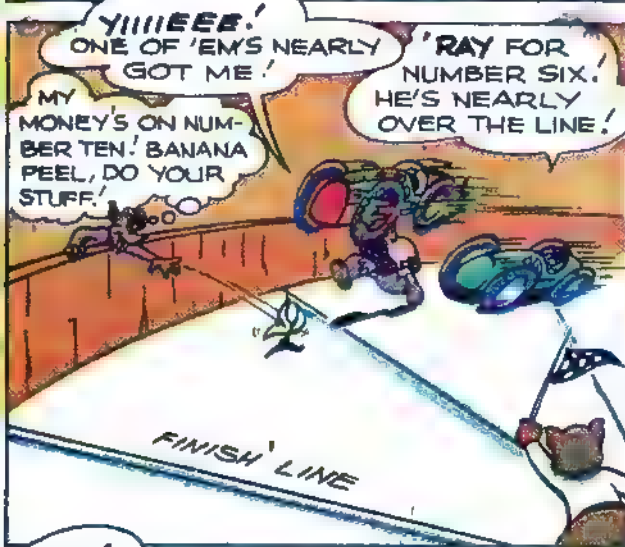
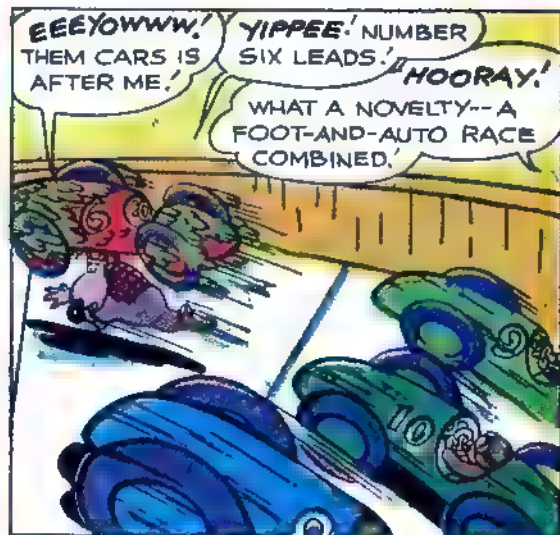
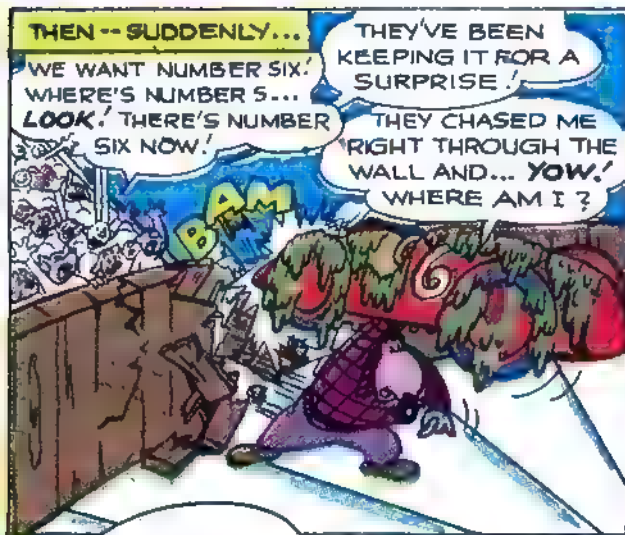








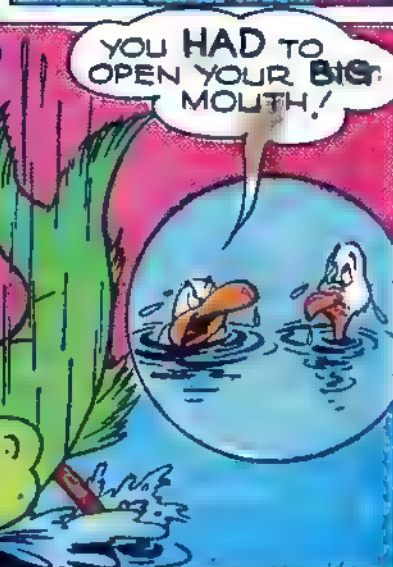
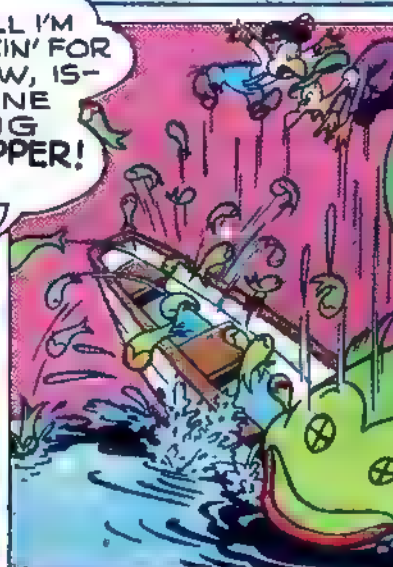
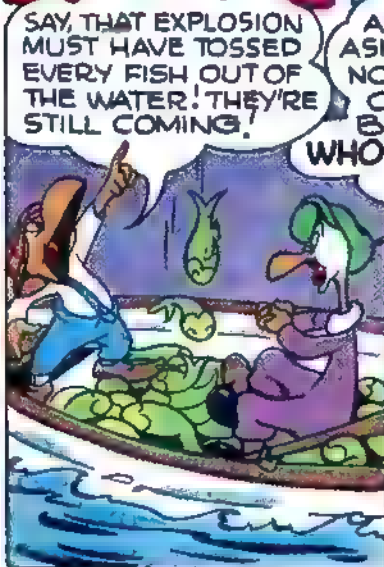
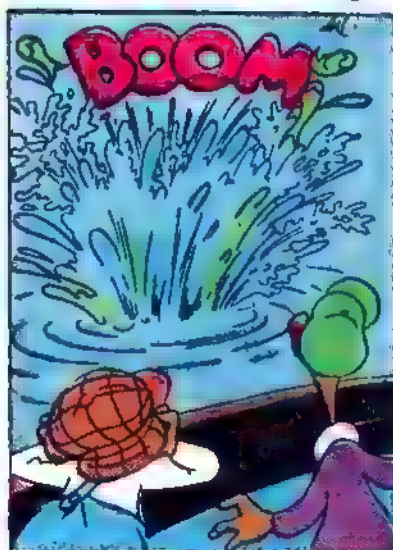
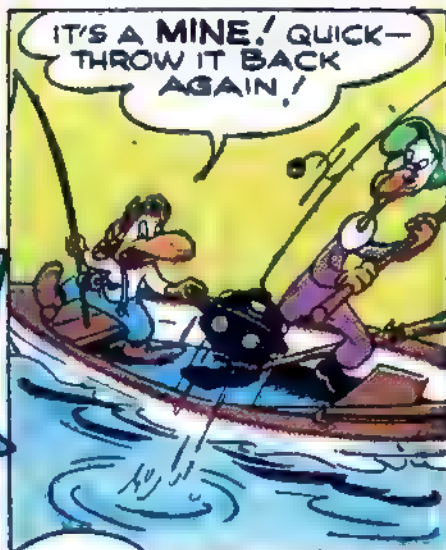








# Fish Story



## CHEMCRAFT

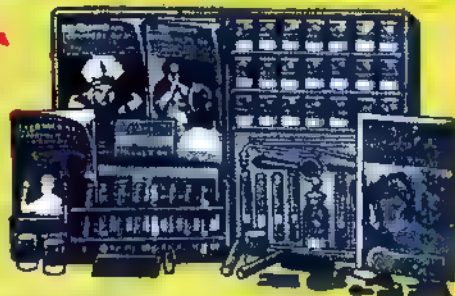
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# PATRICK PARROT'S UNNATURAL HISTORY

TRANSLATED FROM  
THE ANIMAL LANGUAGE  
by JESSE MERLAN •

## A SHORT FABLE ON WHY RACOONS WEAR MASKS

ALL day long strange whispers had been going through the forest. Everywhere, on all the wooded and grassy trails, shy deer gossiped with grunting pigs, and squirrels chattered at the whistling birds overhead. "Robbers!" they said. And "Big mystery solved." And "The police know the truth now. It was a shocking crime."

Even the grumpy porcupine exchanged a few hurried words with a rabbit. Not that the rabbit got too close to Sticking Sam, the sharp-quilled porcupine.

"I'll see you at Pat Parrot's tree tonight," said the rabbit.

"Sure," said Sam. "He'll explain all this excitement. Patrick's always got the inside story on anything that happens."

So even before the sun's red rim had begun to dip into the western night sky, everybody in the forest was heading for Pat Parrot's roost. You see, Pat talks a lot easier and faster than most folks. And he can get information from the men who sometimes pass through the woods because he also talks their language.

Also, if Patrick doesn't have the true story on whatever you ask him, he can sometimes make up a whopper that's more fun than fact. And everybody likes

a good story-teller, even if Patrick does ~~swab-t-ch~~ the truth once in a while.

Sure enough, there was Patrick out on his favorite limb. Grouped around the tree below him were big dripping elephants who had rushed from their evening bath to hear the news. And there were huge-antlered deer, and bristly-faced bears, and even a timid and sad-faced owl who was awake long before his get-up time, just to hear Pat tell about the robber mystery.

Finally, as a big hippopotamus and his family lumbered into the crowd (and those big fellows made it even more crowded), an impatient pig grunted at Pat. "Come on," he growled, "get the story started. You know we're all waiting for it."

Patrick cleared his throat with a long and important-sounding squawk.

"Awwofrk! I sometimes think pigs shouldn't be so hasty. But I suppose it's because they eat so fast."

The pig shifted around uneasily and looked a bit embarrassed. Everybody knows that pigs eat too fast. But Patrick Parrot went right on in his shrill voice.

"Sure, and it must be that

old tale about the grand potatoes in Ir-r-reland you're all after wantin'. Ah, me bhoys, how I can still taste those dee-li-cious dinners me old mother used to . . ."

But Philo Fox barked an interruption. "Oh, Patrick, don't tease us with that Irish accent and a long-winded blarney recipe. You know we're all excited about the robber and mystery rumors. So let's have it. Fast."

Patrick glared angrily down at Philo Fox. "Some day, Philo, I'm going to teach you not to break in when I'm *gabbing* . . . I mean *talking*. It's really rude. But what else can I expect from a smark aleck who . . ."

"Please," softly spoke up a rabbit who didn't want to see a fox and parrot quarrel start, "won't you tell us what you know about the masked robbers? We'll listen quietly."

Patrick stretched his neck once or twice. "Thank you, Roscoe," he purred at the rabbit. "It's good to get a polite request. I'll be glad to tell you all about the robber mystery."

"I guess you're all thinking about the queer rumors that have been buzzing through the forest all day. Well, the story really begins about seven zillion years



ago, when one member of our forest family was accused of a terrible crime.

"No, you needn't look around for him," continued Patrick. "He isn't here. And nobody's ever seen him or his family or any of their children since the big squirrel bank was robbed."

"I remember that crime," excitedly chattered a little squirrel. "My great grandmother used to tell us about it. Seems a precious hoard of ripe nuts was once stolen by a raccoon who . . ."

"I'll finish the story," screamed Patrick. "And besides, you squirrels don't know the real facts."

"Well," Pat went on as the squirrel hushed, "it's true that nobody could locate that ancient nut-treasure after Ronald Raccoon's ancestors had been seen sniffing around it many many years before. So the Forest Ranger Police were put on the trail of the raccoons."

"You all know that raccoons are supposed to wear a little robber's mask over their eyes. Makes them look a little sinister and crooked, I'll admit. But here's the inside information on that raccoon's mask-disguise. That robber's mask was put on by Ronald Raccoon's ancestors so they could slip unseen through

the woods at night. No raccoon ever stole those squirrel nuts."

A big deer whooped through his nose in disbelief. "Listen, Patrick," he said, "I've always heard that raccoons were night thieves. We forest folk never see them and they slink about slyly in the dark and . . ."

"Sure," screamed Patrick, "wouldn't you put on a disguise and try to hide if you were scared half to death and police after you and everybody convinced you'd stolen something? We can't really blame those raccoons for getting so shy and hiding from the law. Raccoons never were very brave, and years and years and ages of being hunted as thieves has made them even more timid."

"But how about this mystery of the masked robbers?" asked a wide-shouldered elephant. "What was the special excitement today?"

Patrick started again. "That's what I'm about to tell all of you. Today our police force has positive proof that no raccoon ever cracked that squirrel nut-bank. You see, we found the entire hoard. Intact."

All the animals opened their mouths wide in amazement.

"Yes," went on Pat Parrot, "the police and I and a woodpecker located the whole bank. Safe and deep in a tree in the petrified forest. Seems some ancient beaver ancestors had cut down that tree to use in building a dam and it floated away and stuck in the sand and was changed slowly to a stone."

"Today a woodpecker was sharpening his beak on some hard rock trees in the petrified forest. And he spied that forgotten squirrel treasure. The nuts were hard as diamonds and bright as marbles. And Ronald Raccoon's



family is cleared of all guilt and . . ."

Suddenly, a shrill scream cut Pat short. It came from in his own tree. And as we all watched breathlessly, a little masked face peeped out at us.

*It was a raccoon!*

"Oh," quavered Ronald Raccoon in a thin voice, "you mean I don't have to hide any more? I'm innocent?"

"Of course," said Patrick Parrot. "And we want to welcome you back as a law-abiding member of our society."

We all cheered Ronnie Raccoon and his bushy-tailed family and his cousins and all his folks. But Patrick Parrot held up one claw for silence.

"You'll notice that Ronnie has gotten so used to wearing that mask his family's hidden behind for ages . . . that it's grown to be part of him."

And as the joyful meeting broke up and Ronnie and his family danced along the woodland trails with us, we all noticed a strange thing. Patrick Parrot was right:

Raccoons *DO* have a bushy little mask over their eyes. And even though we know now that they aren't thieves—it *DOES* look like a robber's disguise.





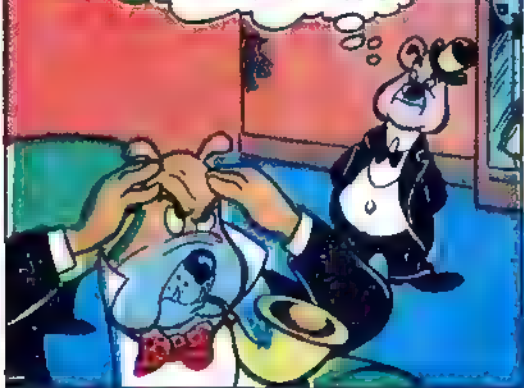
# SPYLOT BONES

SPYLOT BONES, THAT SUPER-SNOOP AND MYSTERY MANHANDLER, RUNS INTO A PARTICULARLY PUZZLING PROBLEM, SO IT'S A LUCKY THING THE FAITHFUL DR. SPOTSEM IS AROUND, OTHERWISE THEY'D NEVER FIND...  
**THE DISAPPEARING DOMICILE!**



AS SPYLOT BONES, MASTER MYSTERY UNSCRAMBLER, SITS AT HIS FAKER STREET QUARTERS...

HE'S BEEN CONCENTRATING LIKE THAT FOR THREE HOURS!

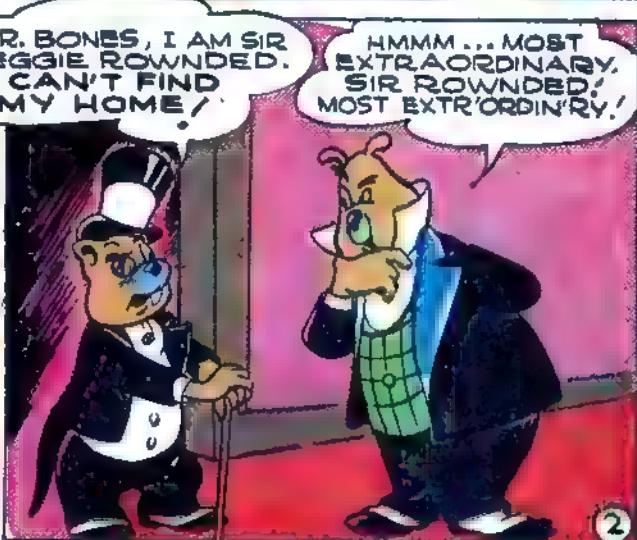
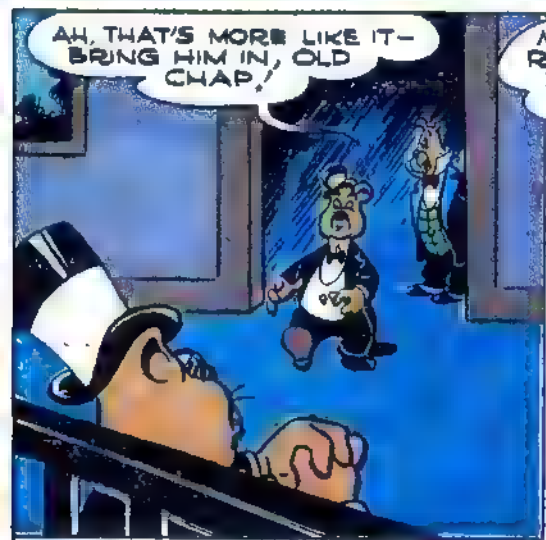
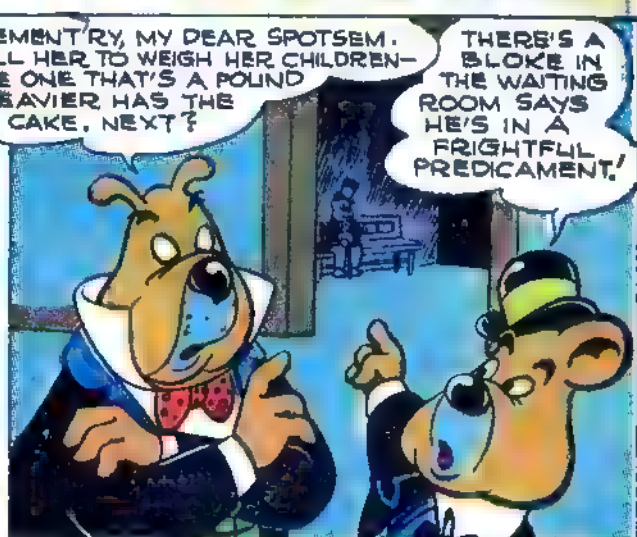
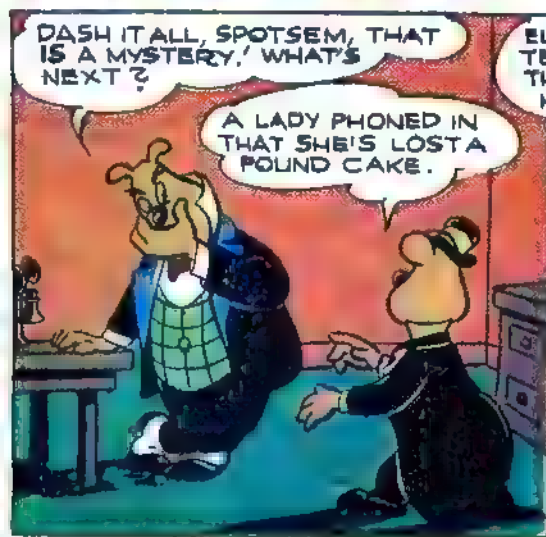
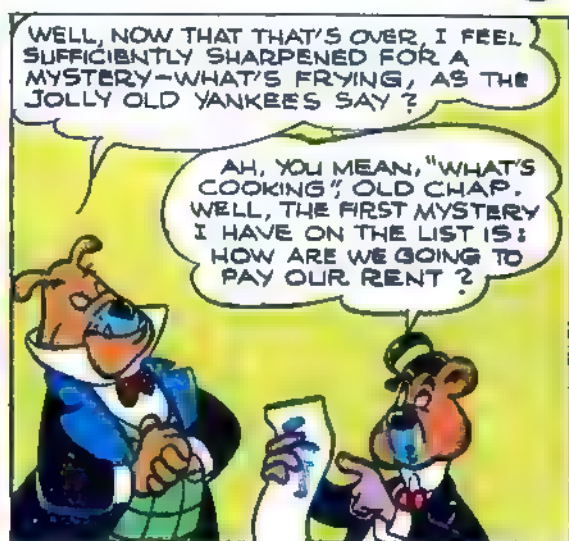
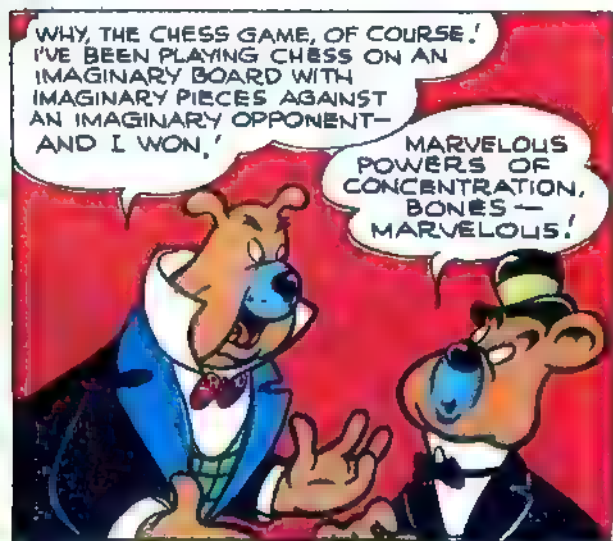


THEN...

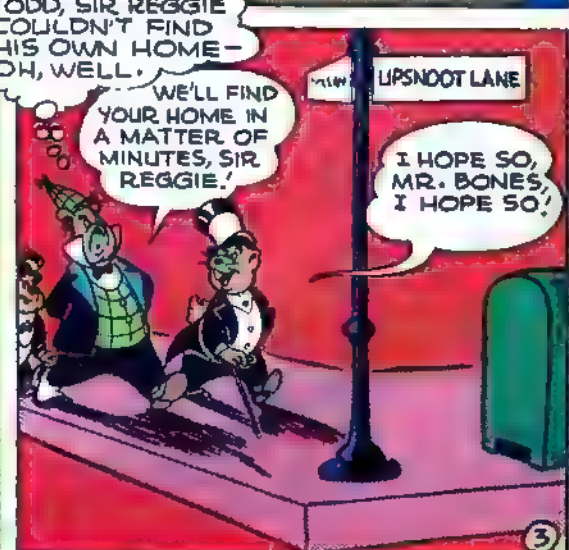
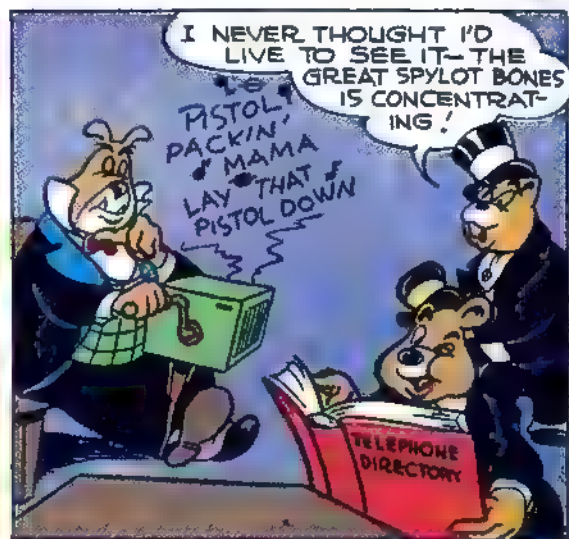
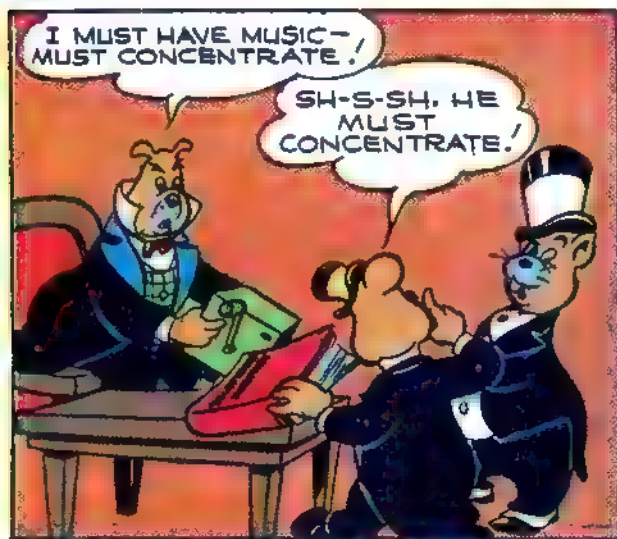
HOORAY FOR MY SIDE - I WON!  
D'YOU HEAR THAT, DR. SPOTSEM?  
I WON!

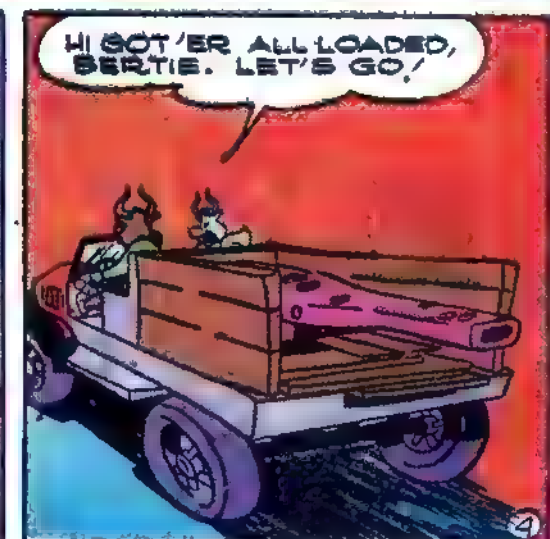
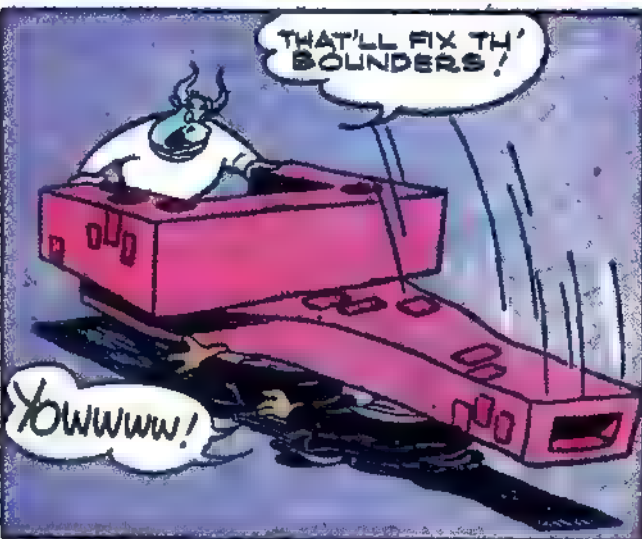
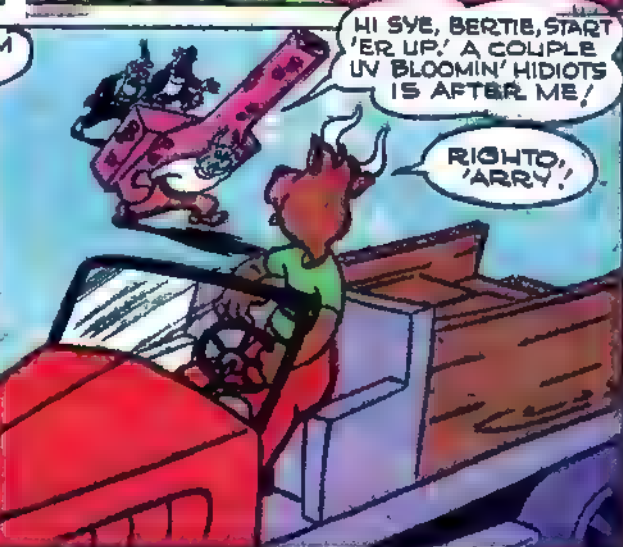
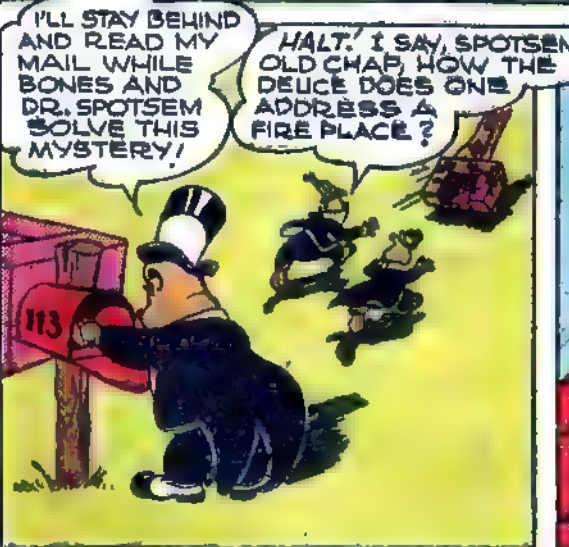
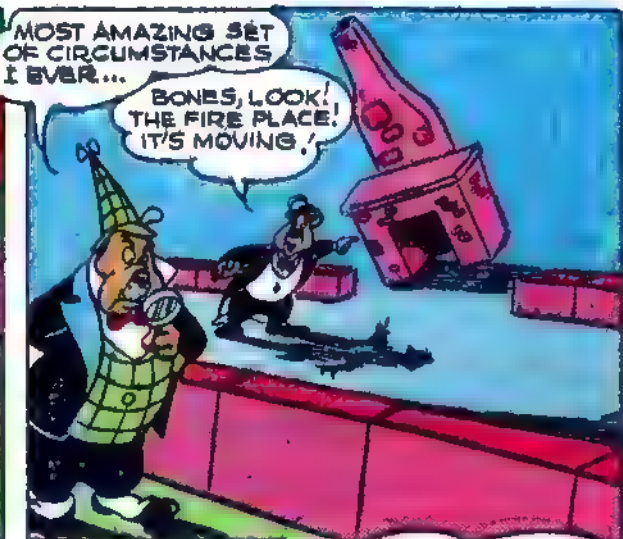
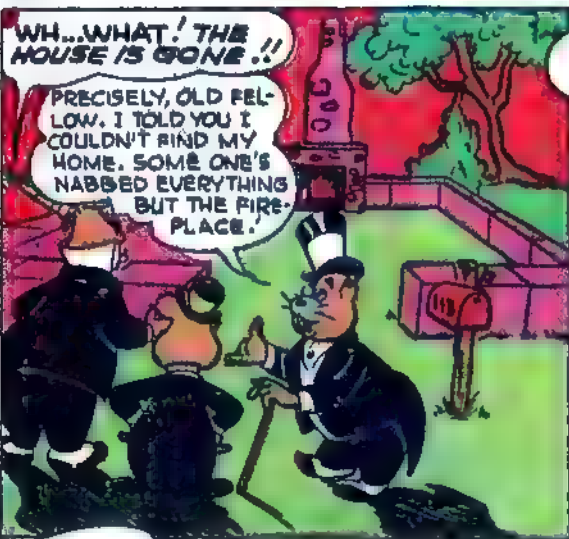
GOOD HEAVENS,  
BONES - WON  
WHAT?



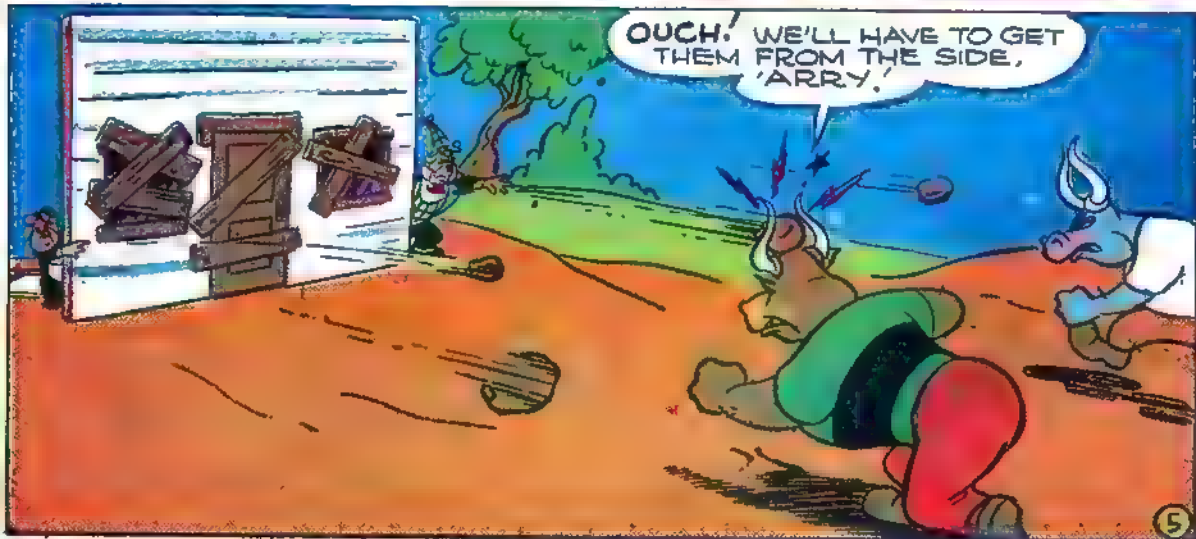
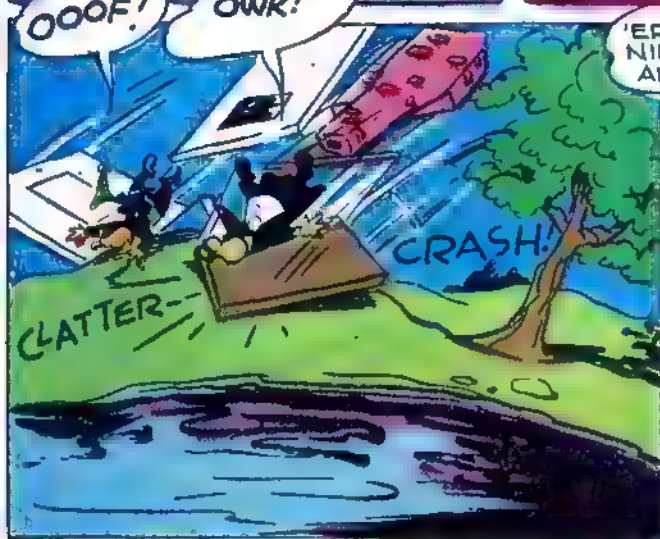
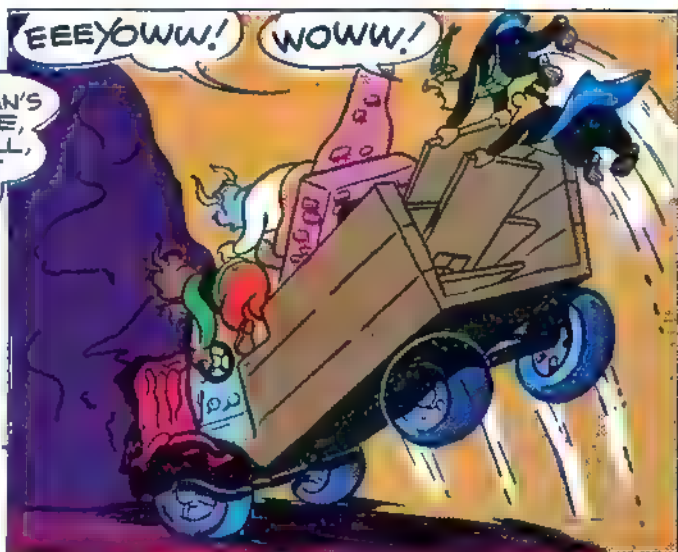


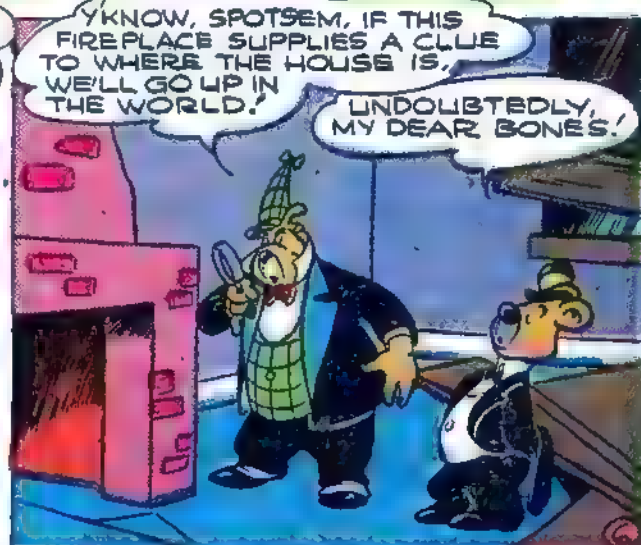
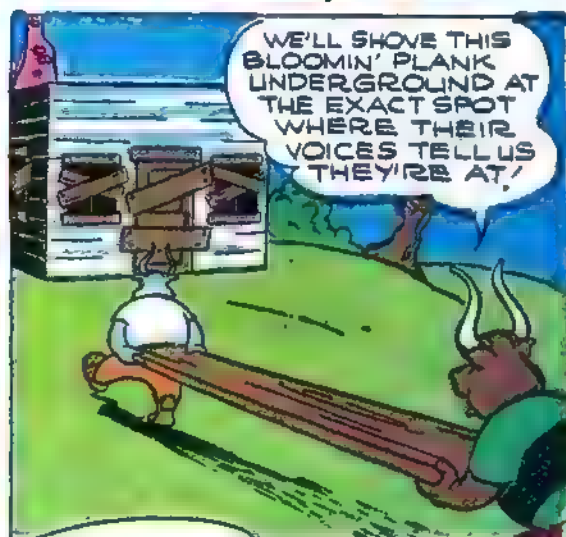
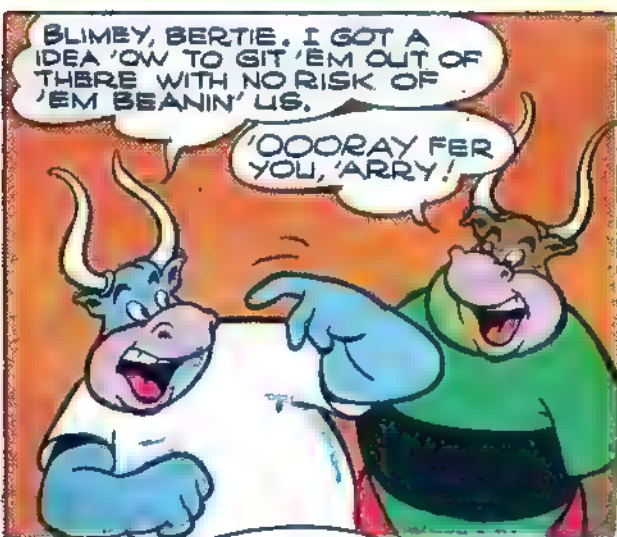
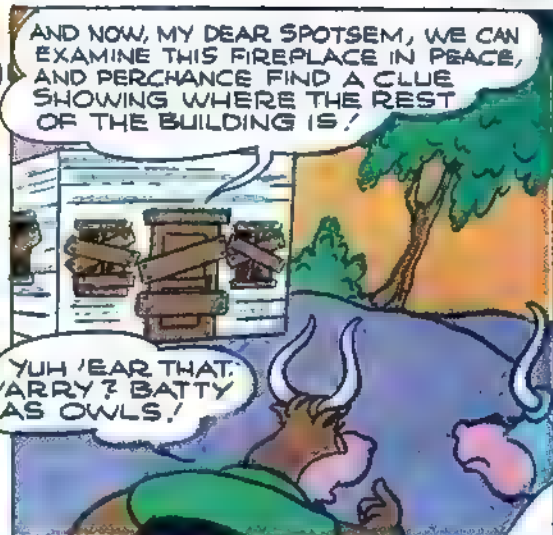
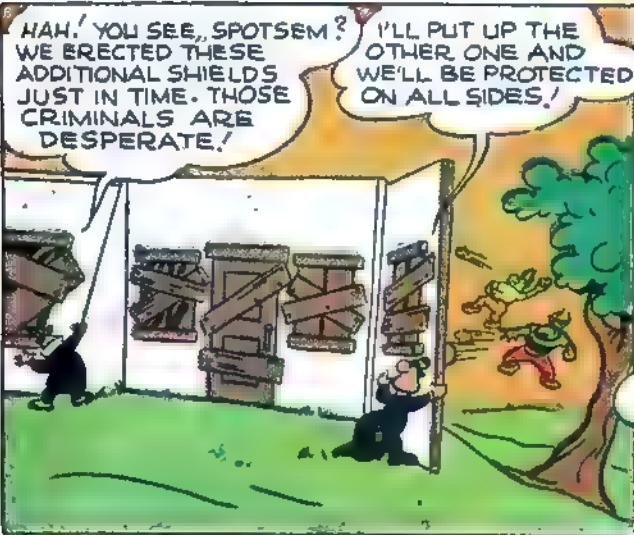




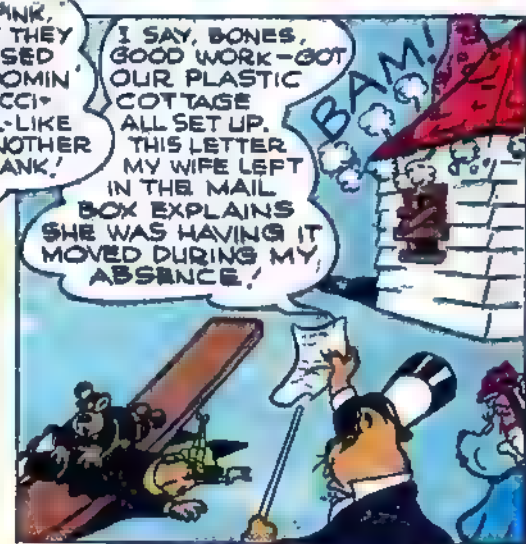
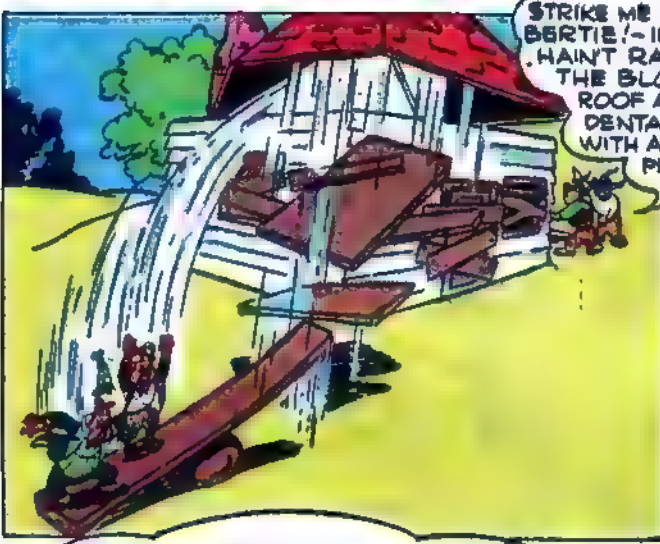
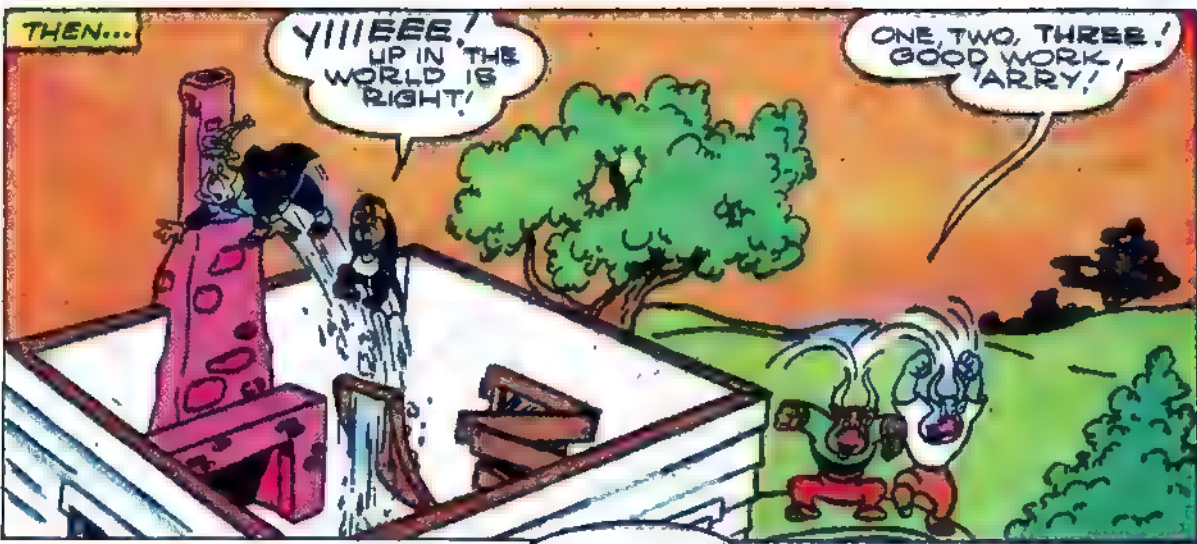












# Don HUTSON

UNANIMOUSLY ELECTED ALL-PRO END FOR THE 7TH STRAIGHT YEAR IN 1944. HE'S HUNG UP 19 LEAGUE RECORDS IN 10 YEARS WITH THE CHAMPION GREEN BAY PACKERS



"MR. FORWARD PASS" HOLDS THE NATIONAL LEAGUE RECORD FOR INDIVIDUAL SCORING IN A SINGLE SEASON. A PLAYER MUST AVERAGE BETTER THAN TWO TOUCHDOWNS A GAME TO COME CLOSE TO HUTSON'S 138 POINTS



HUTSON STARTED HIS RECORD TOUCHDOWN ASSAULT ON THE FIRST PLAY OF HIS FIRST PRO GAME. THE ALABAMA ALL-AMERICAN CAUGHT A 60-YARD PASS TO BEAT THE CHICAGO BEARS 7-0



I'LL TRY, COACH. BRING ON THE WHEATIES!

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

PASS THE WHEATIES

"THOSE WHEATIES FLAKES ARE MIGHTY EASY TO TAKE," SAYS CHAMPION PASS SNATCHER DON HUTSON. "AND I'M TAKING ALL THE WHEATIES I CAN GET. THEY'VE GOT FLAVOR FOR MY MONEY --AND LOTS OF GOOD OLD FASHIONED SATISFACTION"

GET WHEATIES NEW FOOTBALL BOOK!



LEARN THE CHAMPION WAY TO PASS, KICK, RUN TACKLE, AND BLOCK IN "WANT TO BE A FOOTBALL CHAMPION?" AN EXCITING NEW BOOK BY BERNIE BIERMAN, COACH OF THE MINNESOTA GOLDEN GOPHERS. SEE YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET YOUR COPY...ALSO 13 OTHER ALL-STAR SPORTS MANUALS

HOW TO CATCH A PASS --ON PAGE 14





# KING OSCAR'S COURT

IN YE OLDEN DAYS, FOLKS ENJOYED WEARING NEW CLOTHES AS MUCH AS TODAY! WHICH IS WHY KING OSCAR DIDN'T SUSPECT AT FIRST THAT A CERTAIN FOX WAS A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING, WHEN HE SOLD THE KING AND HIS TRUSTY KNIGHTS...

**"The Three Tin Suits!"**

## OFFICIAL SCORE BOARD

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND  
TABLE ----- 100 PER CENT  
ENEMIES ..... 0

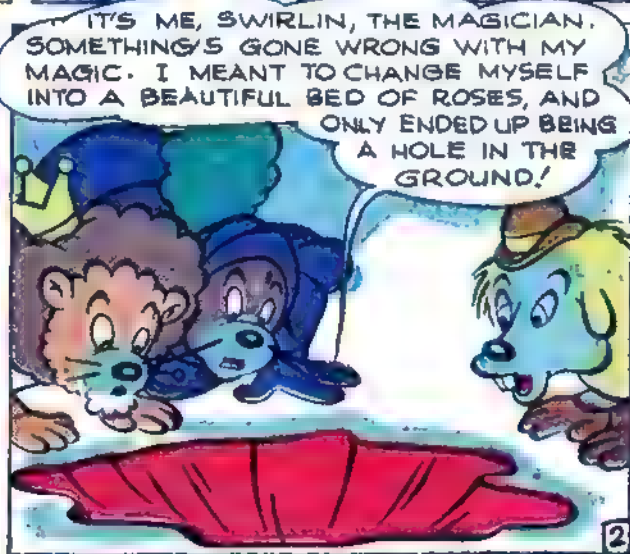
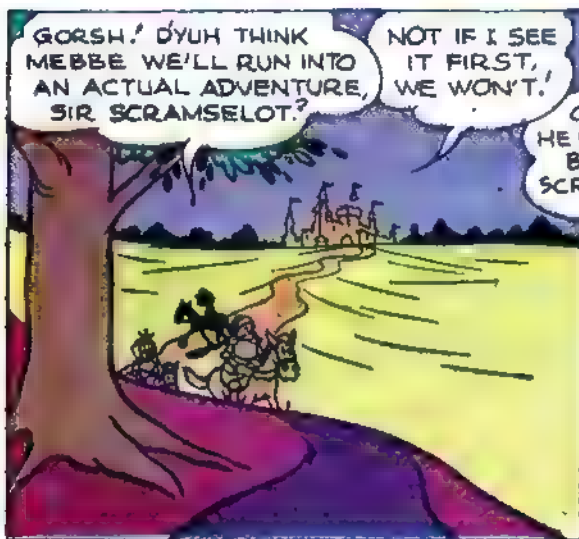
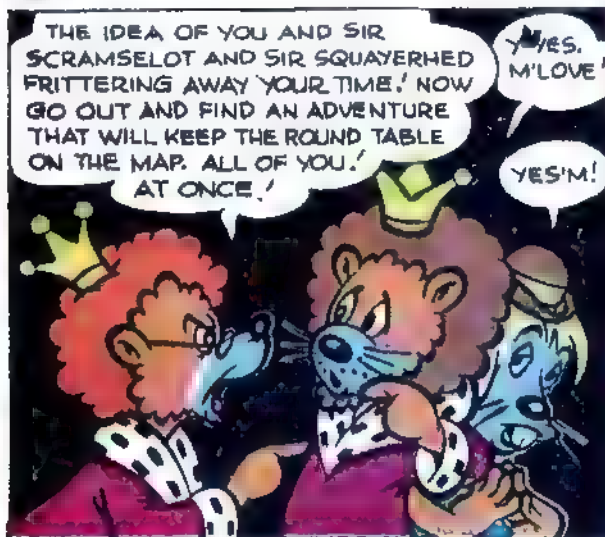
IN YE ROYALE PALACE AT CAMELOT, QUEEN JENNIFER LISTS TO THE VOICE OF KING OSCAR...

DO YOUR WORST, KNAVE-FOR WHEN I STRIKE, I SHALL STRIKE WITH THE FURY OF A TRUE PENDRAGON!

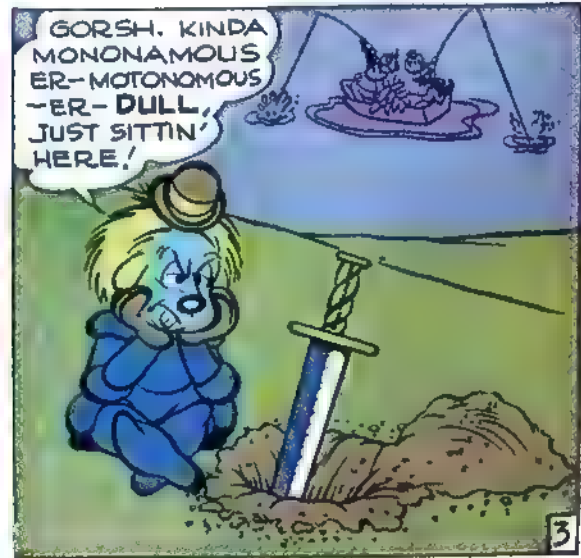
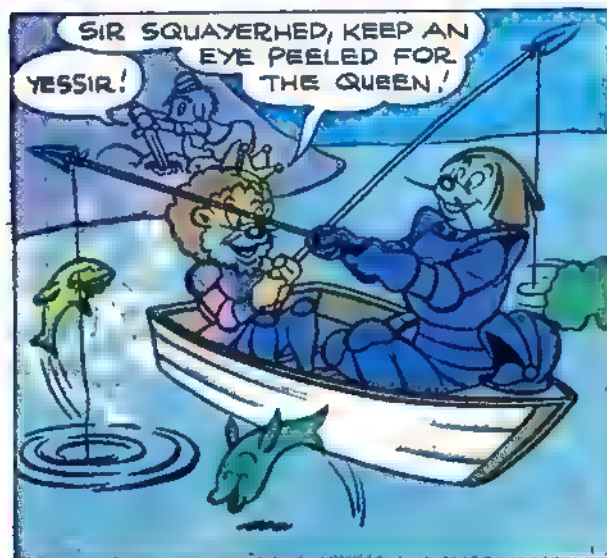
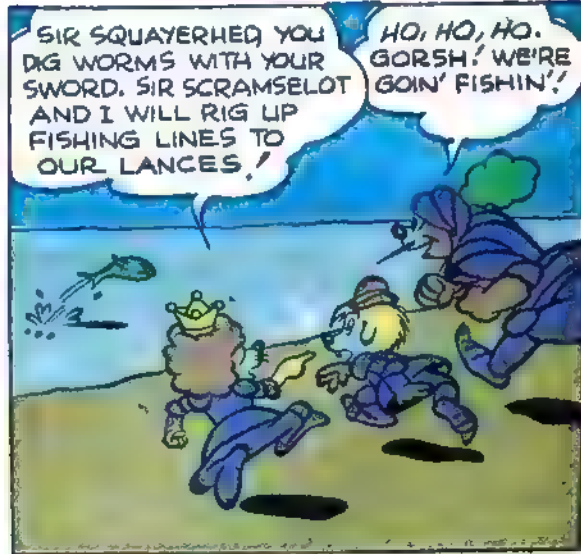
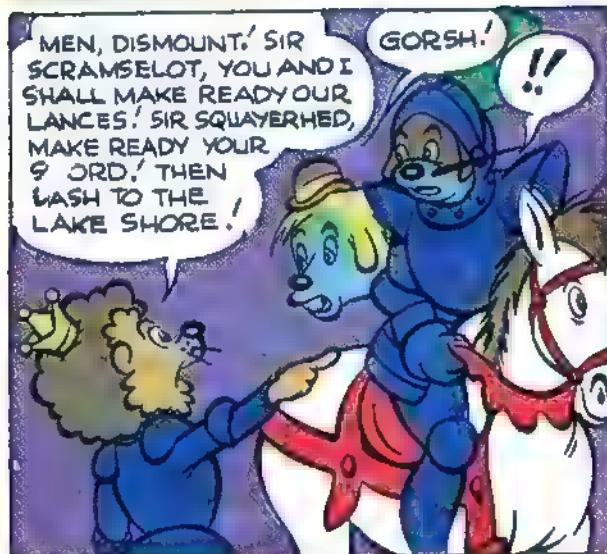
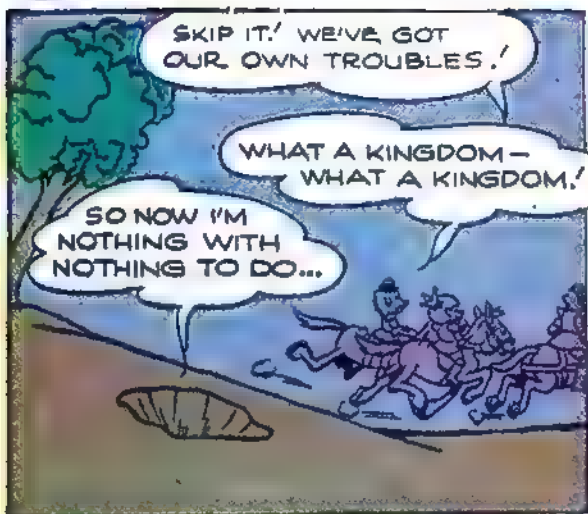
AH, 'TIS WELL- THE KING KEEPS FIT WITH GREAT FEATS OF ARMS! I SHALL CHEER HIM ON!

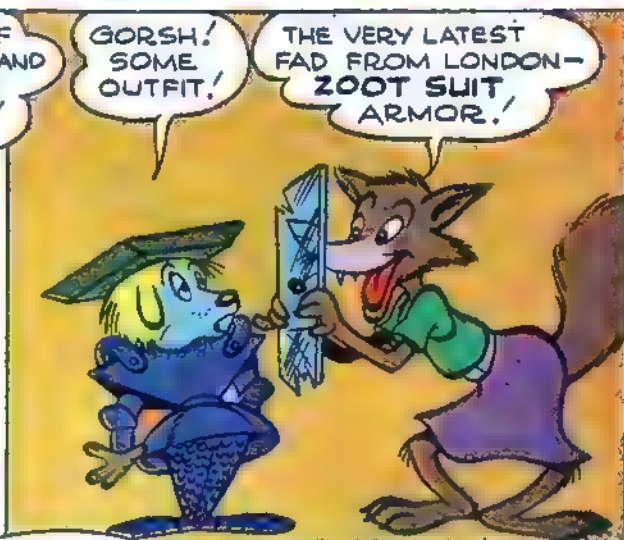
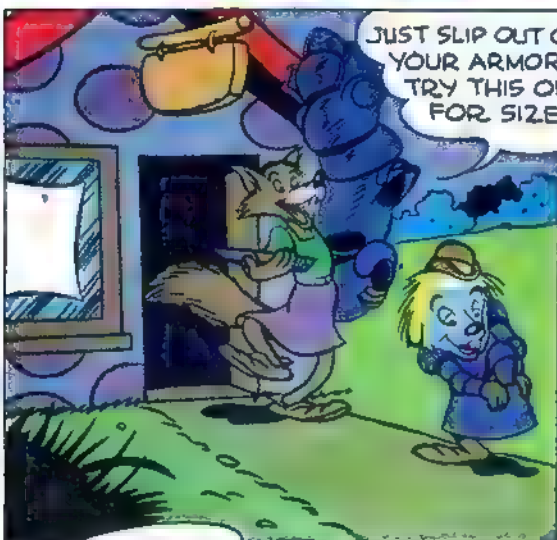
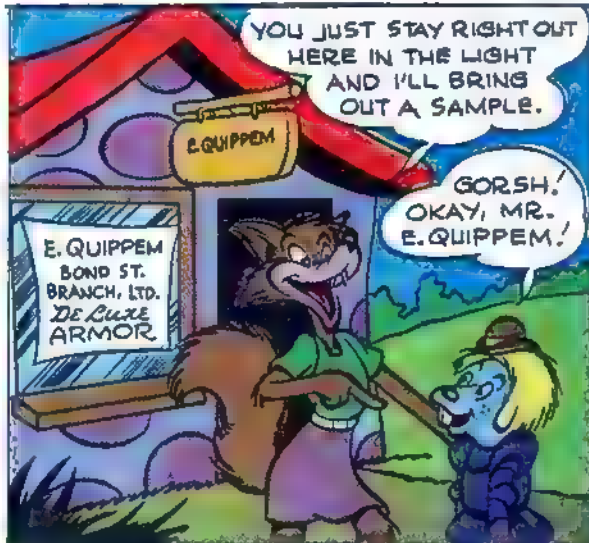
GORSH! AH, A THREE-BAGGER! WRETCH! PLAYING ONE-OLD-CAT AGAIN!

JIGGERS! HER NIBS!





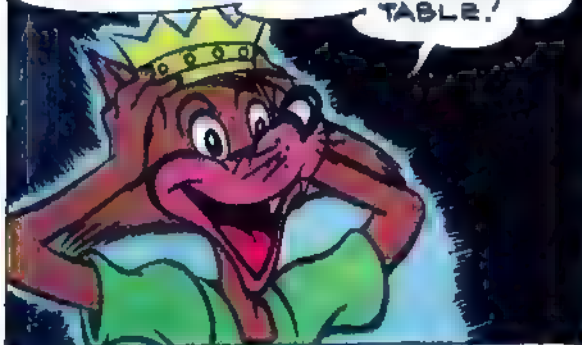




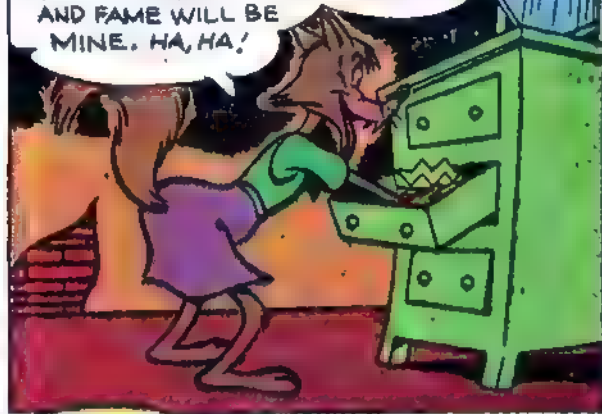


BUT AT THE NOBLE SIR SQUAYERHED'S DEPARTURE...

AH. LITTLE DOES HE SUSPECT THAT I AM REALLY KING KUNNING OF THE FENS, AND THAT I AM ORGANIZING MY THUGS INTO THE ORDER OF THE POOL TABLE TO SMASH THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE!



KING OSCAR AND SIR SCRAMSELOT WILL ALSO FALL FOR THIS ZOOT SUIT ARMOR, NOT KNOWING IT'S ONLY RECLAIMED TIN! THEN I AND MY KNIGHTS WILL CONQUER THEM IN COMBAT- AND FAME WILL BE MINE. HA, HA!



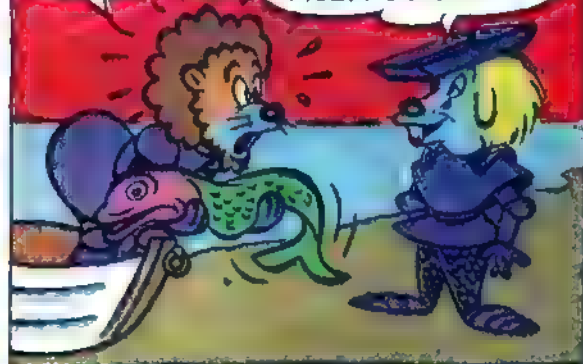
MEANWHILE—

WAIT'LL THE KING SEES M'NEW OUTFIT!



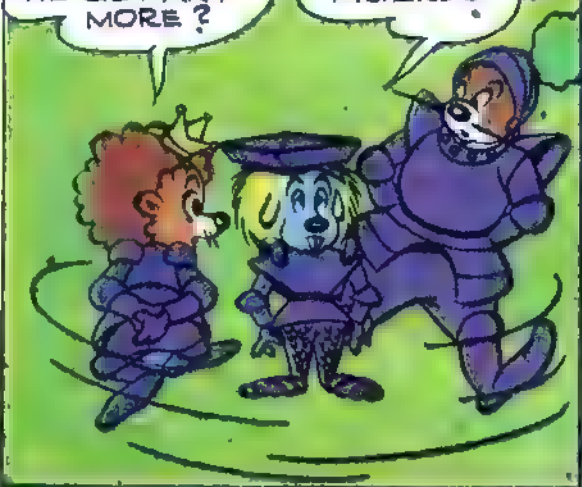
GOODNESS, WHERE'D YOU GET THE RIG?

MR. E. QUIPPEN SOLD IT TO ME. IT'S THE VERY LATEST STYLE FROM LONDON.



YOU SAY IT'S THE LATEST STYLE? HAS HE GOT ANY MORE?

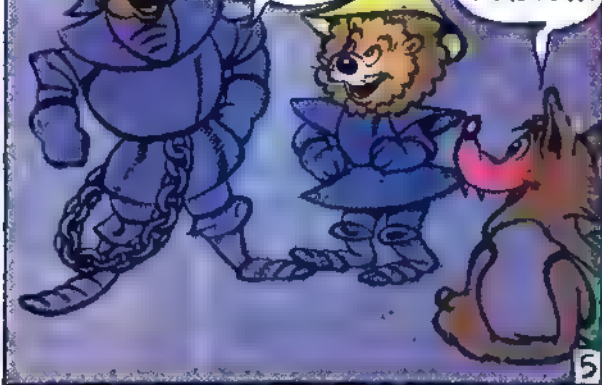
YES. HE SAID TO TELL ALL MY FRIENDS.

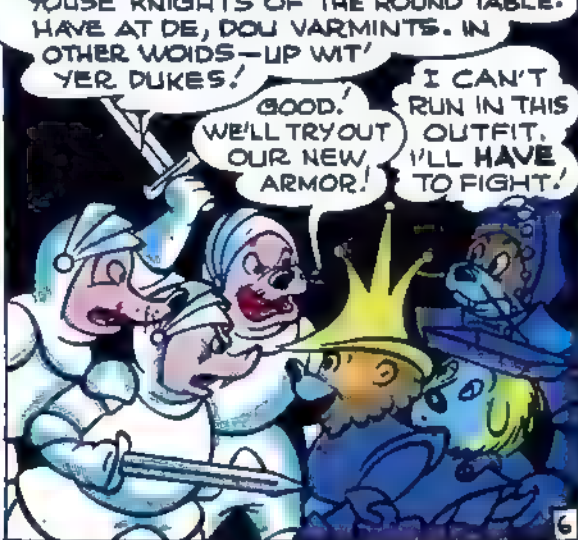
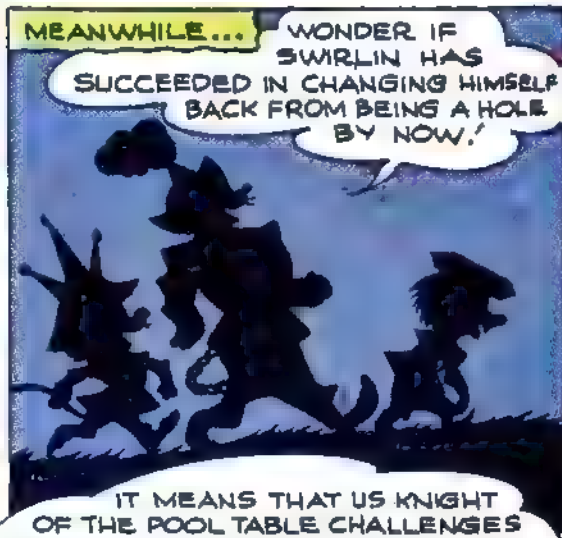
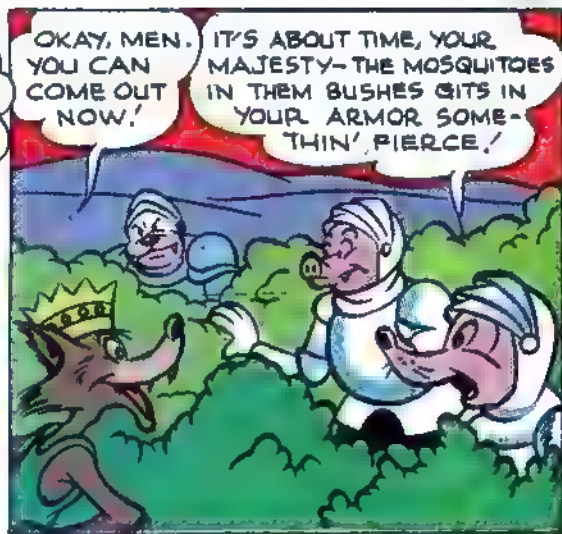
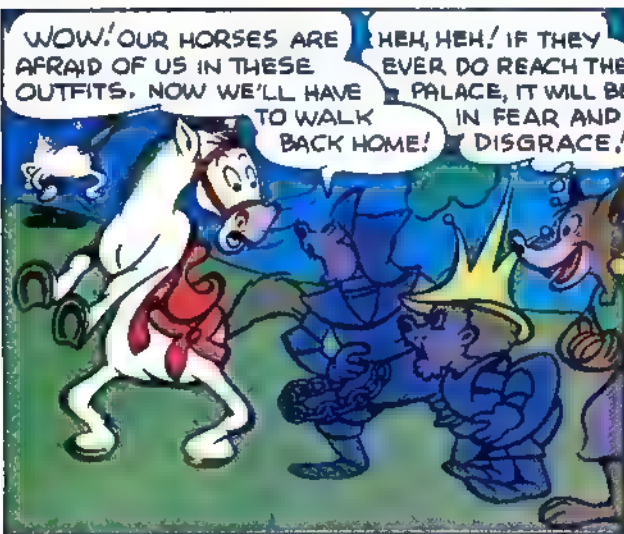


THUS, PRESENTLY...

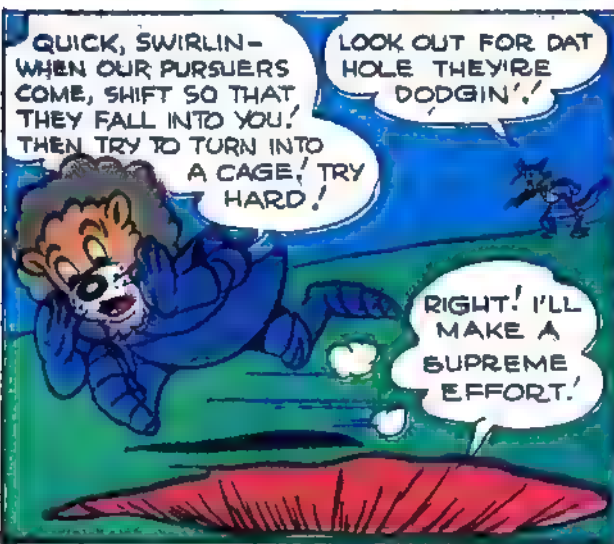
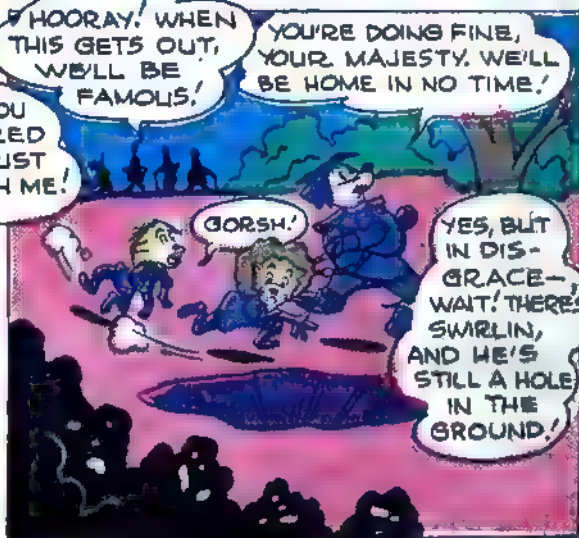
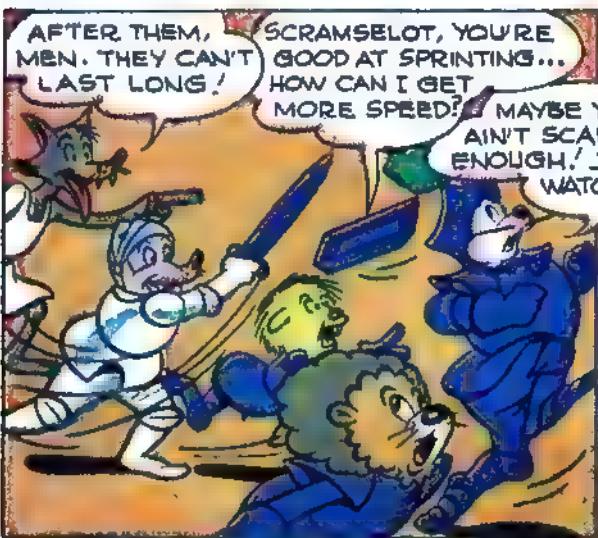
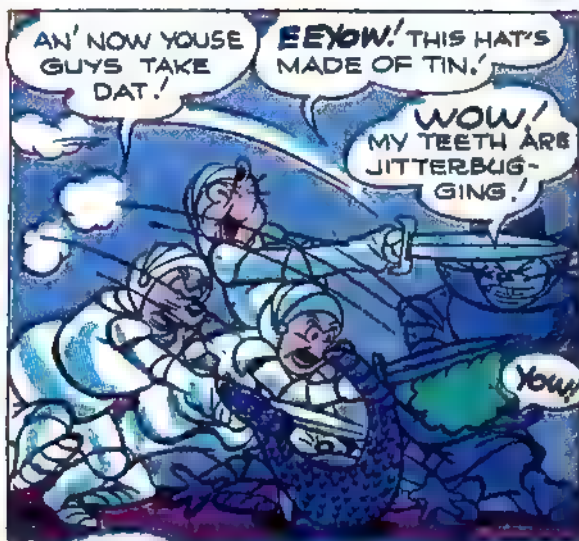
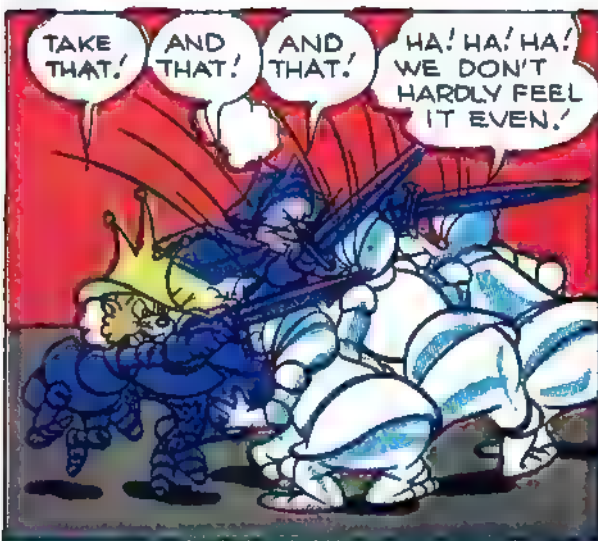
THAT HAT MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF YE NATIONALE GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE.

TUT, TUT GOOD SIR- IT'S TRULY BECOMING TO HIS MAJESTY!

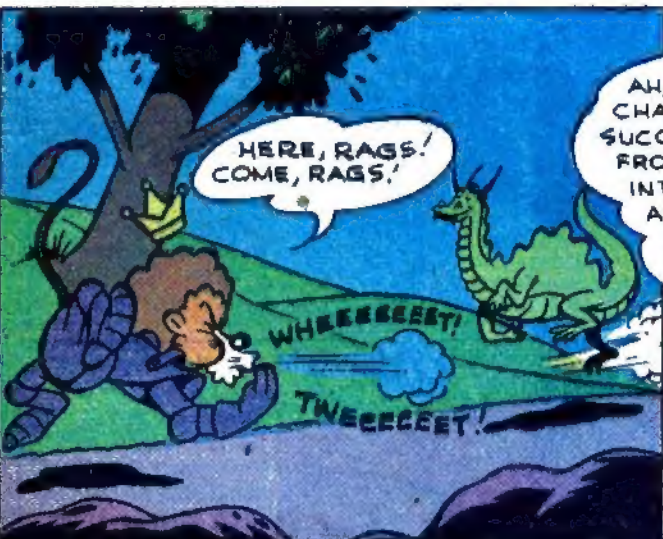
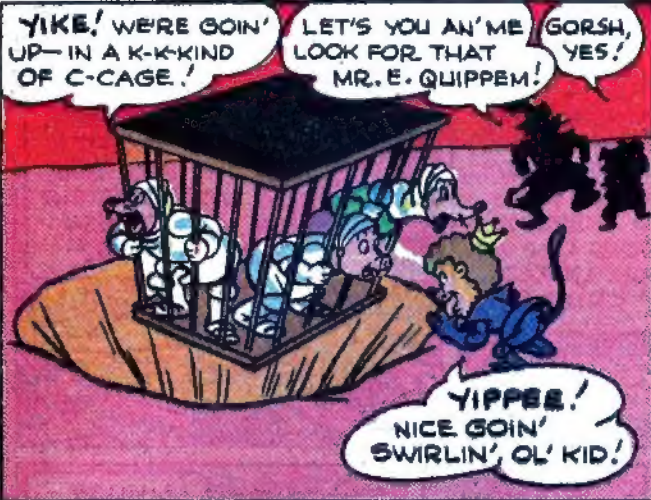














# How THOM McAN CAPTURED THE FIRE-BUG

WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"



AS A DEADLY AND MYSTERIOUS "FIRE-BUG" TERRORIZES THE CITY...



EVERY MIDNIGHT A FLAMING INFERNO SOMEWHERE IN TOWN... BUT NO CLUES, NO SUSPECTS! LOOKS LIKE WE ARE LICKED CHIEF!



DID YOU HEAR THAT, "H"? WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THE FIRE-BUG WHO'S STARTING ALL THESE FIRES!



THE FOLLOWING MIDNIGHT THOM, AND HIS SILENT PAL "H" GO INTO ACTION...

A STREAK OF FLAME ACROSS THE SKY! QUICK, "H", GIVE ME MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"!



ZOOMING INTO THE AIR, THOM SHOOTS TOWARD THE MYSTERIOUS TRAIL OF FLAME!



A HUGE FIRE-ARROW! WITH A HEAD OF BURNING ACID AND A SHAFT OF ICE!

NO WONDER THERE WERE NEVER ANY CLUES! THE "EVIDENCE" ALWAYS MELTED IN THE FIRE... AND THE FIRE-BUG NEVER LEFT HOME!



THOM TRACES THE TRAIL OF FIRE BACK TO ITS SOURCE!



BAZ-OOO-KA! SORRY, MR. FIRE-BUG... BUT YOU'LL NEVER SHOOT A FIRE-ARROW OUT OF YOUR GIANT CATAPULT MACHINE AGAIN! A NICE FIRE-PROOF JAIL FOR YOU!

THAT WAS WONDERFUL, THOM McAN... THANKS TO YOUR "BAZOOKA-SHOES"!



THAT'S WHAT MILLIONS OF FELLOWS SAY ABOUT THEIR EVERYDAY THOM McAN SHOES!



WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN "THOM McAN"—ALWAYS SILENT! ('THE 'H' IS SILENT BUT THE VALUE SPEAKS OUT LOUD!')

**You Bet The Value Speaks Out Loud in THOM McAN SHOES**



THOM McANS look swell—feel swell—wear swell! Can "take" a lot of punishment. Low priced. Keen styles for men too. So when you buy your next pair of THOM McANS—take Dad with you.



THE THOM McAN X25  
Size 1 to 5 1/2. Similar Shoe for Men—Style 3668—Size 6 to 11

**Thom McAn**  
OVER 600 STORES—IN OVER 300 CITIES



Building This AM SIGNAL GENERATOR gives you valuable experience. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for test and experiment purposes.

RADIO SERVICING pays good money for full-time work. Many others make \$5, \$10 a week EXTRA fixing Radios in spare time.

# Learn RADIO by PRACTICING in Spare Time

## with 6 Big Kits of Radio Parts I Send You

Let me send you facts about rich opportunities in Radio. See how knowing Radio can give you security, a prosperous future. Send the coupon for FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." Read how N.R.I. trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with SIX BIG KITS of Radio parts I send you.

**Future For Trained Men Is Bright In Radio, Television, Electronics**

The Radio Repair Business is booming NOW. There is good money fixing Radios in your spare time or own full time business. Trained Radio Technicians also find wide-open opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, in Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address Work, etc. Think of the boom coming when new Radios can be made! Think of even greater opportunities when Television, FM, Electronics, can be offered to the public!

**Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 A Week EXTRA In Spare Time**

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS to help you make EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. You LEARN Radio principles from my easy-to-grasp Lessons—PRACTICE what you learn by building real Radio Circuits with Radio parts I send—USE your knowledge to make EXTRA money in spare time.

**Mail Coupon for Free Copy of Lesson and 64-Page Illustrated Book**

I will send you FREE a sample lesson, "Getting Acquainted with Receiver Servicing," to show you how practical it is to train for Radio in spare time. With it I'll send my 64-page, illustrated book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." Just mail coupon in an envelope or paste on a penny postal. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 5MB9 National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

**My Course Includes Training In TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS FREQUENCY MODULATION**

You build this MEASURING INSTRUMENT yourself early in the course—use it for practical Radio work on neighborhood Radios to pick up EXTRA spare time money!

You build this SUPERHETERODYNE CIRCUIT that brings in local and distant stations. You get practical experience putting this set through fascinating tests!

## BE A SUCCESS in RADIO I Will Train You at Home

### Sample Lesson FREE

Gives hints on Receiver Servicing, Locating Defects, Repair of Loudspeaker, I.F. Transformer, Gang Tuner, Condenser, etc., 31 illustrations. Study it—keep it—use it—without obligation! Mail coupon NOW for your copy!



J. E. SMITH, President National Radio Institute

Our 31st Year of Training Men for Success in Radio.

## GET BOTH 64 PAGE BOOK FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 5MB9 NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, Sample Lesson and 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ 4FR

(Please include Post Office zone number)







# TOOTSIE RETURN OR DR. NARSTY

A MEETING OF THE CAPTAIN TOOTSIE SECRET LEGION HAS BEEN CALLED AT THE HOME OF CADWALLADER VAN TILDEN, A NEW MEMBER.

IT WAS NICE OF CADWALLADER'S MOTHER TO LET US MEET AT THEIR HOUSE, ROLLO! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO MIND OUR MANNERS IN THEIR BEAUTIFUL HOME!



YOU CAN HAVE YOUR MEETING HERE IN THE RUMPUSS ROOM. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL GO UPSTAIRS TO HAVE MY BEAUTY FACIAL. I DON'T WANT TO KEEP THE MAN WAITING. HE'S PIERRE OF PARIS, YOU KNOW!



WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HAPPENED TO HER?



A SHRIEL BLAST OF FOLLOV TOOTHE-TOOTER...

MOTHER, THIS IS THE FAMOUS CAPT. TOOTSIE I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU ABOUT!



UPSTAIRS, A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

AN, ZEEES SPECIALLY PREPARED MUD PACK WILL GIVE MADAME A FACE OF UNSURPASSED LOVE-LINESS.



...AND CAPT. TOOTSIE SHOWS UP IN A JUPPY!

A-HAH! PIERRE OF PARIS, OR RATHER DR. NARSTY! UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS AGAIN, EH?



HOW DO YOU DO, CAPT. TOOTSIE? I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOUR SECRET LEGION FROM CADWALLADER! HOW DO YOU MAKE THAT TOOTSIE COUNTERSIGN HE'S BEEN TELLING ME ABOUT?



THE SECRET LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES AND PIERRE OF PARIS, ALIAS DR. NARSTY, DISCOVERS ONE OF THE COOLEST GEMS THERE IN ALL HISTORY.

HEY, MOM! HEY, MOM! CAN WE HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT?



...AND CAPT. TOOTSIE SHOWS UP IN A JUPPY!

A-HAH! PIERRE OF PARIS, OR RATHER DR. NARSTY! UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS AGAIN, EH?



# OH BOY!

YOU CAN GET AS MUCH ENERGY FROM ONE CHEWY, CHOCOLATEY TOOTSIE ROLL AS YOU USE IN ROLLER-SKATING 2½ MILES!

• TOOTSIE ROLLS are not only delicious, but a fine food as well! They're made with milk and loads of other body-building ingredients which give you the energy you need to win. And TOOTSIE ROLLS give you energy fast! You can fairly feel the energy rush to your muscles after you pop a TOOTSIE ROLL into your mouth! Buy a TOOTSIE!

STILL ONLY 1¢